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NOVEMBER 1980

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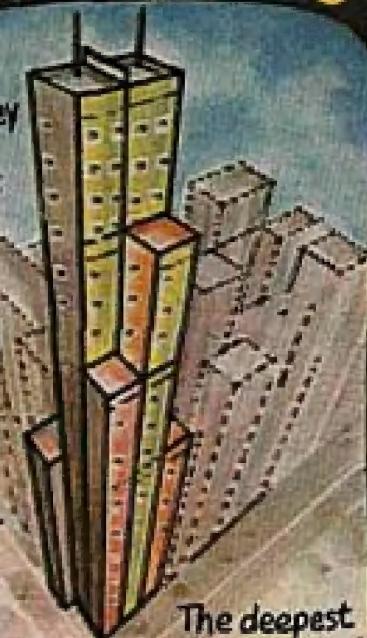
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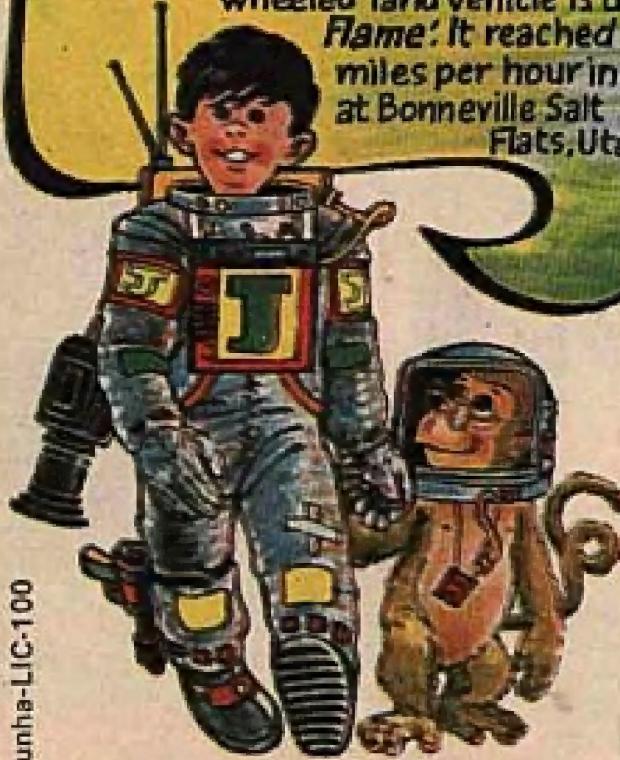
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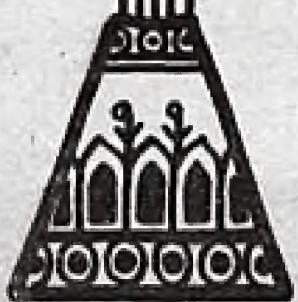
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PLUS SEVEN STORIES AND SEVEN OTHER FEATURES

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

ताद्व भयस्य भेतव्यं यावद् भयमनागतम् ।
आगतं च भयं वीक्ष्य नरः कुर्याद् यथोचितम् ॥

*Tāvad bhayasya bhetavyam yāvad bhayamanāgatam
Āgatam ca bhayam vīkṣya narah kuryād yathocitam*

Fear the danger as long as it has not arrived, but once it has come, one ought to do the needful (to come out of the situation without fearing it any longer).

The Hitopadeshah



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CHANDAMAMA

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

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LET THE BOON REMAIN A BOON

In the feature, **Memorable Moments from History**, this time you will read about a deplorable destruction - of 40,000 books. That occurred a little over two thousand years ago.

In days gone by books were not easy to write. First of all, one would not dare to put down his thoughts in writing unless he felt convinced that they were worth putting down, that they were likely to enlighten others. Often the ideas of a savant were recorded not by the savant himself but by his disciples. By the time they were recorded, they had been already acknowledged as great ideas.

Writing itself was quite difficult. It required time, patience, and concentration to inscribe the words on blocks or rolls of wood. And imagine the labour that was necessary to make copies of a work!

It is so different today! The printing press — which has never stopped improving since its invention — is such a boon!

But time and again it has been proved that a boon can change into a curse if not used prudently. Surely, the printing press is continuing to be a boon. Without it we will not know the inspirations and revelations that have come to great minds. But small minds — and destructive minds too — make use of this means. They churn out stuff that are just bad.

But Providence has given us the power to discriminate. We must be vigilant and use that power. We must not allow a boon to become a curse.



LET US KNOW

How did the months in the Western calendar get their names?

N. Ramdas, Moovattupuzha

This is how the months are named:—

January: Named after the Roman God, Janus. He was the presiding deity of the gates. That is why the first month is named after him—as if he lets the New Year to come in.

February: From the Latin Februarius—the month of purification. On the fifteenth day of the month used to be held the Feast of Expiation.

March: Named after Mars, the Roman god of war.

April: From the Latin Aprilis, meaning the opening up of the earth to present new fruits.

May: From the Latin Maius which is derived from Maia, a goddess who was worshipped in Rome on the first day of this month.

June: From the goddess Juno, the daughter of Saturn and Ops.

July: Named after Julius Caesar; he was born in this month.

August: Named after Augustus Caesar, because he won several victories in this month.

September: From the Latin Septem—meaning seven. According to the ancient Roman year which began with March, this was the seventh month.

October: From Latin Octo, meaning eight, for the reason stated above.

November: From the Latin Novem—meaning nine.

December: From the Latin Decem—meaning ten.



HAUNTED HOUSE FOR SALE

Mohandas met Hiralal, the money-lender. "I have to perform my daughter's marriage. Will you please lend me ten thousand rupees? I will repay in five instalments," he said.

Hiralal could always measure the urgency of one's need. He varied his rate of interest accordingly. The interest he quoted for Mohandas was too high.

"No, my brother, I cannot pay such high interest. I'd better dispose of our old mansion lying useless," said Mohandas.

Mohandas's ancestors were landlords. They had an excellent mansion, but that was in ruins.

Hiralal was annoyed with Mohandas for his refusing to borrow money. He decided to

do everything to foil Mohandas's plan to sell the mansion. He floated a rumour that it was a haunted house.

The rumour spread in no time. Some people even claimed to have heard strange sounds and shrieks emanating from the house! More and more inventions were added to the rumour.

There were only three or four persons in the region who could afford to buy the mansion. But they shied away from it because of its ill reputation as a haunted house.

One day a millionaire from the city came to visit the area. He knew Hiralal well. He was planning to found a factory in that area.

He saw Mohandas's old mansion and was fascinated by it.

A wealthy man who always lived in the city, he was accustomed to evaluate property according to their value in the city.

"Who builds houses of such excellent type nowadays? If it could be available to me for a lakh of rupees or so, I would be happy to buy it," he said to Hiralal.

"But what do you propose to do with an old deserted mansion?" asked Hiralal.

"If I establish a factory here I have to visit this place from time to time. I could repair this mansion and use it as my residence," answered the millionaire.

An exciting idea flashed in Hiralal's mind. After the millionaire departed, he met Mohandas. "If you've put up your mansion for sale, well, I am willing to buy it for ten thousand

rupees," he said.

Mohandas guessed that there must be some very special reason for Hiralal wishing to buy it. He said firmly, "I do not intend selling it for anything less than fifty thousand rupees! I don't mind if it lies unsold!"

Even then Hiralal showed his readiness to buy it. Mohandas was as surprised as he was happy; for the building in ruins could not have fetched him more than twenty thousand rupees.

After the transaction was over, Hiralal wrote to the millionaire: "You can now have the mansion for a lakh of rupees."

Came the reply: "I'm sorry. On my way back, I heard that it is a haunted house. I've no intention of living with ghosts. Thanks."



THREE PRINCESSES

(Udayan entered the underground castle, disguised as one of the giant-guards. He was at once charged by two lions. Luckily for him, the other guards came to his rescue. The lions were slain by them. The master giant, on his arrival, was extremely annoyed to see his lions killed.)

15. In the Underground Castle

Udayan felt a shiver at the giant's roar. He was afraid that the giant would soon find him out.

But luckily the giant-guards came rushing to the spot and told the giant, "Master, we had to kill the two lions. Had we not done so they would have devoured us—for no reason whatsoever. It seems they were

out for a kill." The demon nodded and said, "I see. Well-fed for a long time and with no work to do, the beasts must have grown crazy. Good you killed them. I did not want them to live at your cost."

Lying in a corner Udayan observed all. The giant took a few steps towards a huge door and took out a key from his waist.





ped in through the key-hole. He shivered for the second time at what he saw! The dwarf wizard was hanging from the roof upside down.

But where were Kumar and Nishith? It was not possible to see much of the room. He wanted to try the door. But something in him told that nothing would be more unwise than such an action. Reluctantly he went back to the corner and lay down again. He even closed his eyes, but could not sleep a wink.

When it was morning the giants who were guarding the castle during the night changed for a new batch of guards. Udayan thought that he will befriend the newcomers and know the secret of the room inside which hung the wizard. But again misgiving stopped him from such an attempt. Although he looked like one of the giant-guards himself, can he speak like them?

Days passed. He was provided with food and drink all right by the giant-guards who took him to be one of their colleagues. Udayan spoke as little as possible.

After a week one morning he marked the giant-guards growing alert. Soon the giant

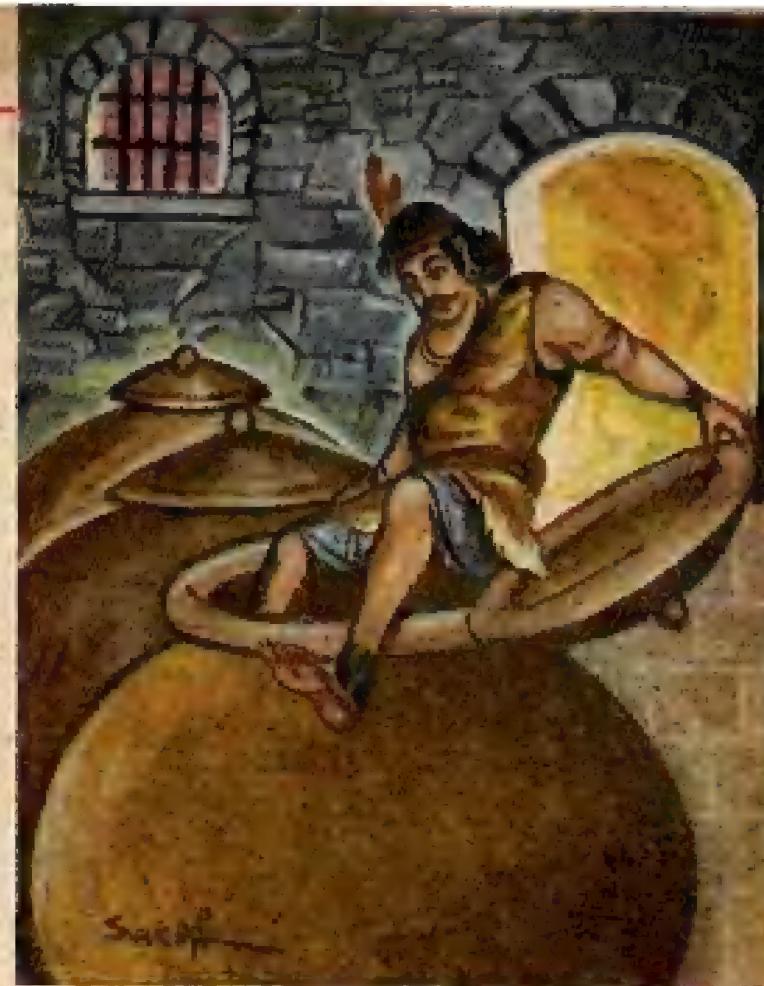
He held the key before his mouth and muttered a certain hymn on it. The key instantly grew to seven times its size. He opened the door and entered a hall-like room. Udayan checked his temptation to follow him. A little later the giant came out and locked the door. Holding the key before his mouth he muttered some other hymn and the key was reduced to its former size. After moving about in the underground castle for a few minutes the giant left some instructions with the attendants and went out of the castle.

All was quiet. Udayan crawled towards the door and peeked

descended. Asking the guards to do various things, he brought out the magic key, enlarged it, and opened the prison room. Udayan took a daring step. He crept into the room instantly. There were four huge jars stored just at the entrance. He lifted the cover of one and felt that there was somebody inside it. The same was his feeling when he lifted the cover of the other jar. But the third jar seemed empty. He entered it and covered it at the twinkle of an eye.

The giant, after trying the rope with which the wizard hung, came back to the jars. "One!"—he shouted and lifted the lid off the first jar. He then caught the man inside it by the hair and pulled him out. "Two!"—he shouted, going on to the second jar and lifting its lid off and also pulling out his second prisoner. He then led them out of the room and locked the doors. Holding the two prisoners in his grips he went out of the underground castle.

When Udayan understood that the giant had gone out he struggled to come out of the jar. But coming out was not as easy as going in. As he struggled for release the jar was toppled. He rolled and dashed



against the wall. The jar got smashed to pieces:

Free from his strange confinement Udayan reached the wizard in one bound.

"My friend, what a time you're having! Tell me what to do," he said.

Although Udayan had forgotten to introduce himself to the wizard the latter had no difficulty in recognising him. Sporting a grim smile, the wizard said, "We need not be in a hurry, Udayan, for the giant is not likely to return before a week. Will you please free me from my predicament first?" Udayan cut the rope asunder



and helped the wizard down to the floor.

"Udayan, I saw you when you followed the giant into this room, though I did not then know who it was. I also saw you entering the jar. You are lucky that the giant did not open the third jar. Imagine what would have happened to you had he done so. But do you know who the two prisoners were? They were your brothers", said the wizard.

"What! My brothers? Let us go and release them," exclaimed Udayan, jumping up to his feet.

"Do you think that they are still inside the jar? Did you not

hear the giant shouting One, Two? He did so when he pulled your brothers out. He then took them away—God knows where!" reported the wizard with a sad smile.

Udayan sat pensive for a moment. Then he asked, "Why did the giant leave you hanging in this fashion? What led him to throw my brothers into the jars? How was your time passing after you were brought into this underground castle?" Asked Udayan.

"Before I answer your question, we should collect those broken pieces of the jar and hide them somewhere," said the wizard. Both of them pushed the scattered scraps to a dark nook. Thereafter the wizard said, "The giant at first demanded that we speak out where you were hiding. We did not oblige him. He threatened us with dire consequences, roaring and stamping on the ground all the while. Luckily none of us lost courage. When the giant saw that we were not yielding, he threw the three of us into the three jars. Next it occurred to him that I was the source of strength for your brothers. So he took me out of the jar and hung me in the manner you saw.

I do not know at all why the giant took your brothers away."

Udayan informed the wizard that the magic powder which he had with him was missing, after telling them about his visit to the small king, Virpratap.

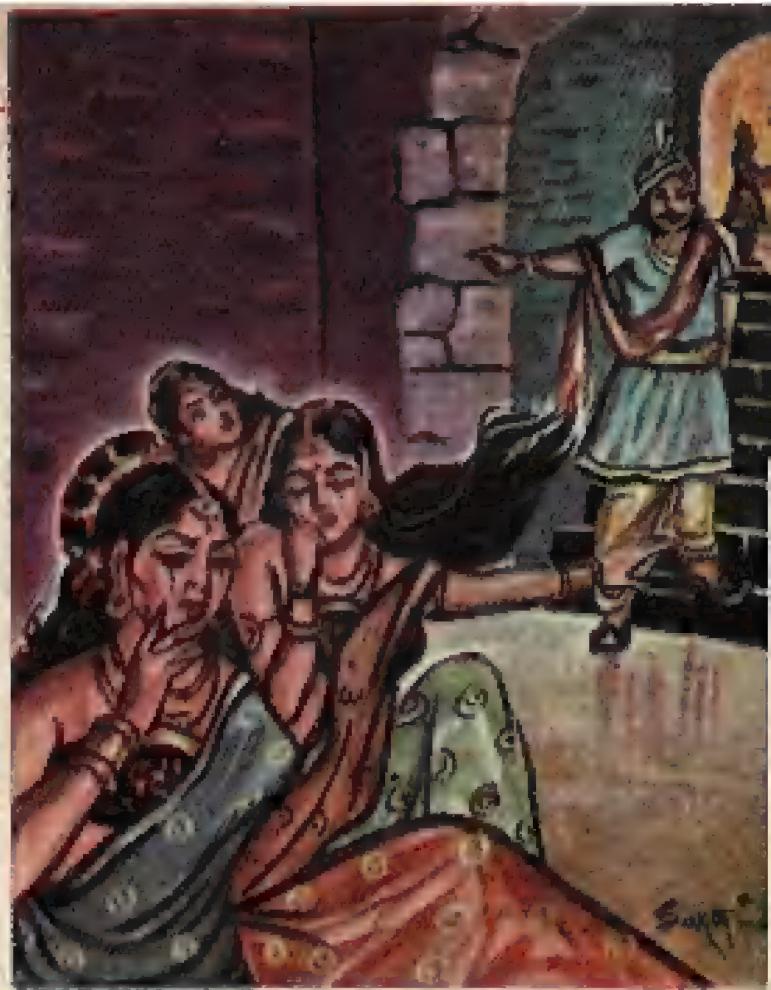
The wizard nodded and said, "I suspect that it is Virpratap who has stolen away your magic powder. It is very important that we try to recover the thing." Both sat down to discuss the issue.

* * *

The wizard was not wrong. It was Virpratap who had really stolen the powder from Udayan while the latter was asleep. He knew that it is through some such powder that Udayan had cured the blind.

Virpratap met the girls and sprinkled the powder on their missing limbs. They became whole again. The king stood charmed by their beauty.

"I bring you good tiding. I have decided to marry all of you," said the small king, sure that the helpless girls would happily jump at the proposal. But the girls were visibly shocked. It did not take long for the king to realise that they had been disgusted with his decision. He felt awfully offend-



ded. "Do you know what would have happened to you had I not rescued you from the forest? I am your saviour. More than that, I am the king. My wish ought to be your wish. If you have the audacity to differ from me, you must face the consequences," he growled. Then he declared that the girls had become his prisoners.

* * *

The giant, after leading the two brothers out of the underground castle, went near the lake. There he stood facing them and roared out, "You mischievous fellows! If you don't tell me where your other

brother is, you shall be crushed!"

"Believe us, great good giant, we have no idea about the present situation of our brother. However, we are certain that we can find him out if you free us. We propose that you give us some time. We promise to return here with our brother," said Nishith.

"Don't take me for a ride! How can I believe you? What guarantee is there that you would care to return?" demanded the giant.

Said Nishith, "Very well, then, let this brother of mine be here as my security. You surely believe that I have to come back for my brother's sake!"

The giant stood thoughtful for a minute. He then said, "Your proposal is reasonable. To speak the truth, I am not so much interested in getting hold of your brother; all I want is the magic powder he has come to possess. I cannot sleep in peace until I have won it over from him. I don't mind the fellow escaping if you can return to me with the powder. Do you understand?"

Nishith and Kumar thanked the giant. The giant instructed his followers to change Kumar into a swan and detain him in the lake. He looked down as Nishith disappeared into the vast meadow.



THE PRINCESS WHO BECAME A GODDESS

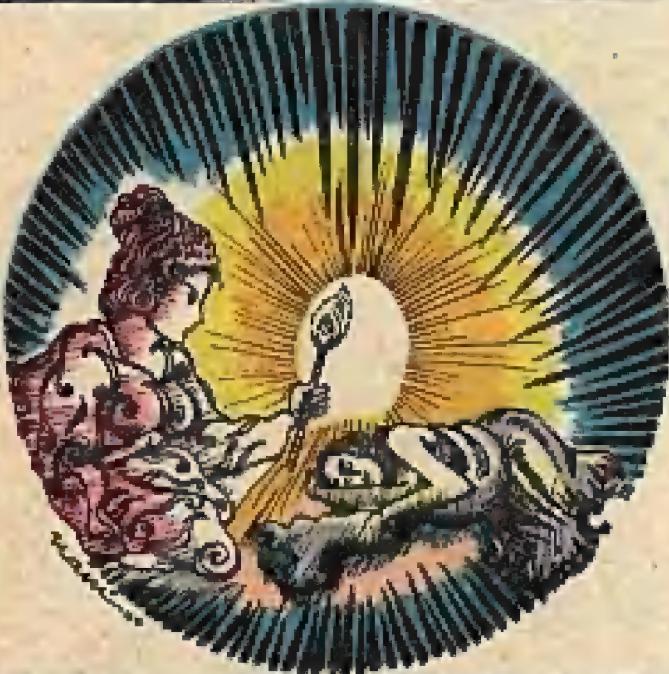
Princess Psyche was extraordinarily beautiful. Once when she was strolling in a flower valley, the passers-by gazed at her, but not at Venus, the goddess of beauty, who too happened to be there.



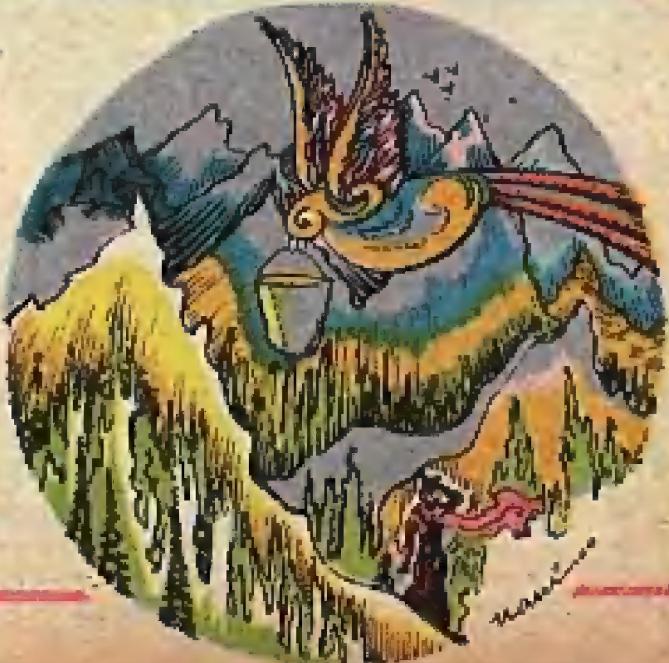
Venus ordered Cupid, the god of love, to do a magic so that Psyche would fall in love with a monster. But Cupid fell in love with Psyche and carried her to a secret castle.



She heard Cupid's voice and married him, but was forbidden to see him. One night, however, she saw him by a lamp. A drop of oil fell on Cupid and woke him up.



Cupid rebuked her and disappeared. Psyche was enslaved by Venus who gave her arduous tasks, like fetching water from a spring on a high peak which a bird did for her.





Venus asked her to go to the underworld with a casket and bring beauty in it from the goddess, Persephone. She tamed a three-headed dog with a honey-cake and braved into the dark world.



At last she saw Persephone who was surprised to see a mortal in that dangerous and desolate world. Persephone filled the casket and gave it back to Psyche.



While returning, Psyche, curious, opened the box to see its content. It contained not beauty but sleep. She fell down at once—into a deep sleep.



But Cupid had not deserted her forever. At his pleading, the gods agreed to accept her in heaven. Psyche woke up at Cupid's touch. Both flew to heaven—Psyche now changed into a goddess.

The Broken Wings

A small island abounded in trees. There, in a rocky valley, lived a number of tortoises.

One day a dove, swept by a strong wind, reached the island and sat down on a rock. Being tired, he sat there for a long time.

The tortoises had never seen a dove. In fact, they had hardly ever seen a bird. They gathered around the rock and marvelled at the stranger.

"How wonderful is this creature!" said a tortoise.

"Just godly!" said another.

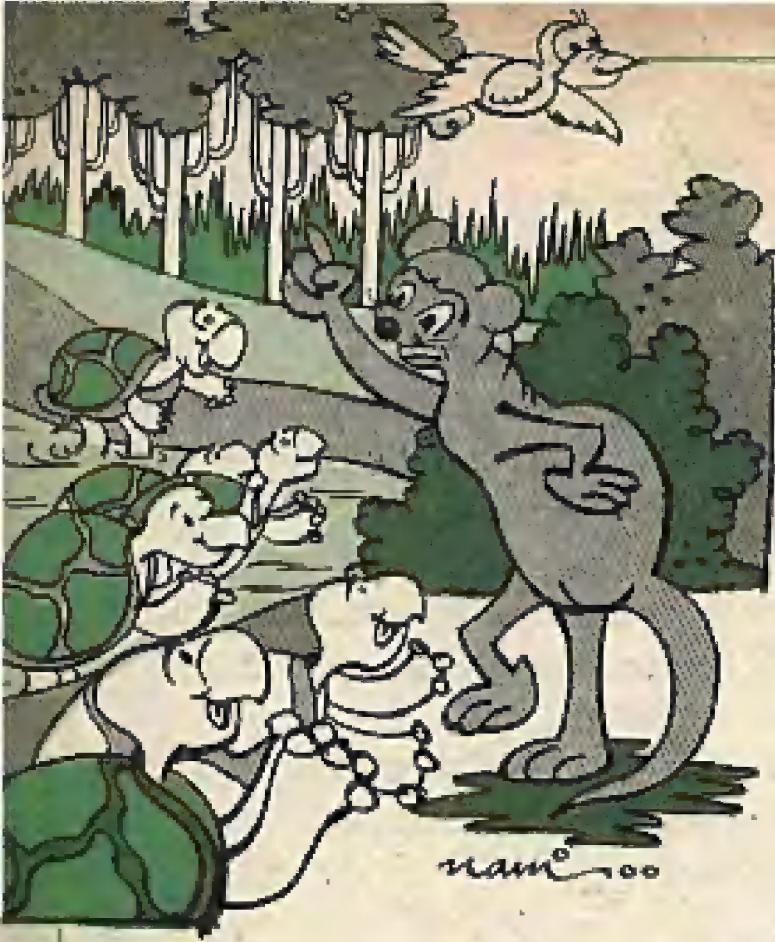
"How lucky we would be should this creature care to stay on with us!" said yet another.

The dove understood that the tortoises were enamoured of him. He felt proud and happy. He cooed and the tortoises were thrilled.

"O sweet creature, will you mind living with us?" asked the tortoises. "To be frank, we have never known anything like you. We will bring you food and look into all other needs of yours," they said further.

So far as the dove was con-





He spent the night with them, but flew away again in the morning to return only in the evening.

"Why do you leave us, sweet one?" asked the tortoises.

"Don't you see I have wings? They make me restless in the morning. I flap them and rise high," said the dove.

"We are afraid, one day you might not come back to us!" said the tortoises.

The proud dove preened his feathers and smiled.

The next day, after the bird was gone, a weasel peeped from a bush and asked the tortoises, "Fools, why do you let the bird fly away?"

"He feels restless as he has wings. What can we do?" answered the birds.

"I should still call you fools. Why don't you strip him of the feathers in his wings?" asked the weasel and he hid in the bush.

The tortoises were happy with the weasel's free advice.

When the dove was back in the evening, the tortoises told him, "We are not satisfied with your nightly stay with us. We want you to be with us in daytime as well. Please oblige us."

"But my wings....."

cerned, he too had never known such warm reception. He agreed to stay on.

The night passed happily for them. But as soon as it was morning, the dove took to wings. He flew from tree to tree and went round the island. The day was over and it was evening. The dove flew back to the rock.

The tortoises heaved sighs of relief. "O sweet one," they said, "we have waited for you the whole day here, without attending to any work. We were afraid that you might not return."

The dove felt quite flattered.

"We have thought of that. We will pluck those things very carefully. Please, sweet one, do not disappoint us!" So saying the tortoises came closer. The dove was moved by their love for him. He let them relieve him of the feathers in his wings.

The operation was over in an hour. The dove tried, but could not fly any longer. He did not know whether to be happy or sad. But the tortoises were very happy.

From the bush the weasel peeped out. Then he stepped out and advanced towards the dove. The dove shrieked in panic, but could not fly away. The weasel caught him presently.

There was great commotion among the tortoises. They started shedding tears.

"What! Should you just shed tears but do nothing more?" asked the dove in great anguish.

But that is about all the tortoises could do. They had no strength or swiftness to stop the weasel from carrying away the helpless dove.

"What a fool I was to fall a pray to your vain flattery and shed my feathers!" cried out the dove.

"How stupid we proved in accepting the wicked weasel's advice without giving a thought to his motive!" lamented the tortoises.



THE FAR-SIGHTED FATHER-IN-LAW!

Rajmohan was the landlord's clerk. When he had collected enough money, honestly or dishonestly, he built a large mansion.

His wife Susheela insisted that a small room be constructed in a corner of the compound. She intended lodging her mother-in-law in that isolated room.

But her mother-in-law, Rajmohan's mother, died before they had shifted to the new house. Soon thereafter the landlord got annoyed with Rajmohan and dismissed him. Rajmohan had spent all his saving in building the mansion. Now that he had no source of income, he let out the new mansion on rent.

Years passed. Rajmohan died. His son, Ramu, proved successful in business. At last the family came to live in the coveted mansion. As soon as Ramu's wife had inspected the mansion, she exclaimed, addressing Susheela, "How far-sighted my father-in-law was! Not only did he build a house for us—his son and daughter-in-law—but also he had not forgotten you! There is the cosy little room for you—in that corner of the compound!"





The True Diamond

Long long ago in a certain village lived two friends: Nagaraj and Krishnadas. The two friends went out on a pilgrimage. After visiting a few places they reached Kasi. They were happy to offer their prayers to Sri Visveswar, the presiding deity of the ancient city. While returning they brought with them two jarfuls of holy water from the Ganga.

As they were riding through a valley they saw an old couple resting under a tree.

"O pious pilgrims, it seems you are carrying holy water with you. Can you give a little of it for my husband?" asked the old lady.

"How can we? Have we not

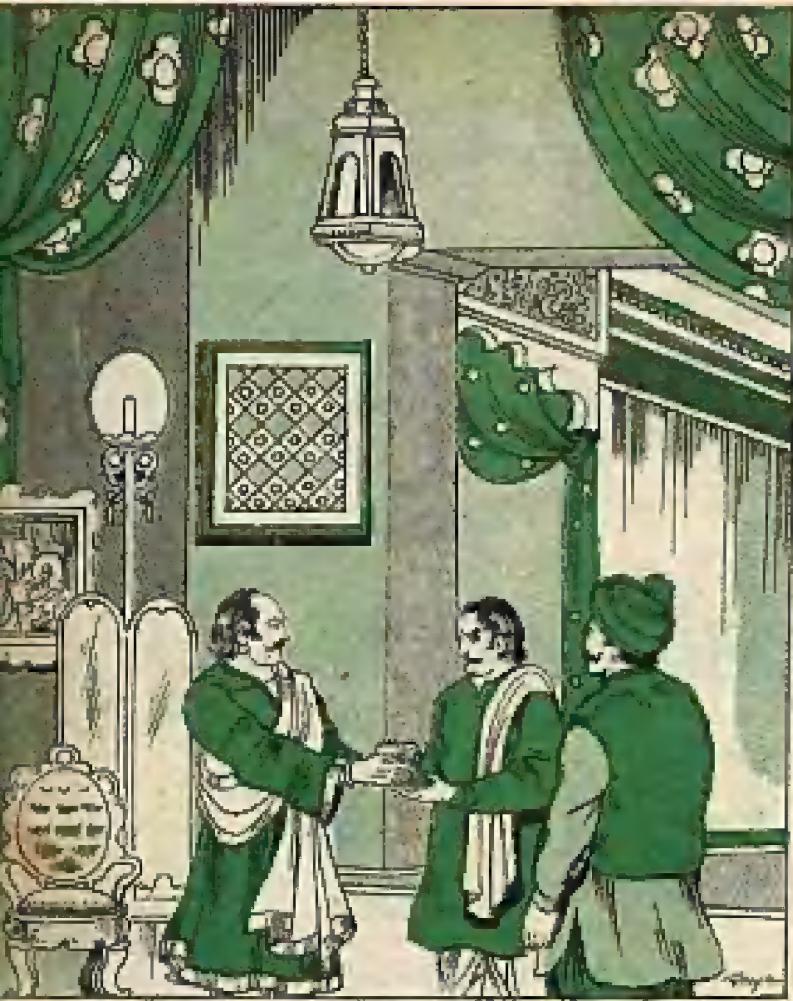
collected the water so that we can carry it home?" said Nagaraj.

Looking at Krishnadas, Nagaraj whispered, "Do not listen to those fellows. They begin, by begging holy water, only to plead for something more. We must reach some tavern soon for rest. Night is about to fall."

But Krishnadas got off his horse and carried his jar to the old lady and said, "Here it is."

The old lady poured some water into the old man's mouth. The old man sat up and smiled at Krishnadas.

"You have shown great kindness to us. I will be delighted if you accept my hospitality



and spend the night at my house," said the old man.

Krishnadas looked at Nagaraj.

"Let him also come with you," said the old man again.

The two travellers followed the couple, holding the reins of their horses. They were surprised to see their host's house. It was a palatial building with many servants at the command of the couple. While they sat for dinner, the host told them, "I wonder if you have heard of Dhanagupta, the merchant."

"Of course we have, he is famous for his piety. But I have never met him. I believe, he lives somewhere in this land,"

said Krishnadas.

"Well, I am Dhanagupta. My guru had told me to present a diamond to a good man on a certain auspicious day. The day was today. I was in the meadow looking for a good man. I found you. I shall be grateful if you accept the diamond from me," the host told Krishnadas.

Krishnadas was astonished and no less happy at this unexpected gain. Nagaraj drew a long face.

In the morning Dhanagupta handed over the diamond to Krishnadas and said, "On your way you have to pass through Siddhapur. Please visit the house of Jairaj, the famous jeweller. He is my friend. He will pay you the value of this jewel."

The two friends left for Siddhapur. It was evening when they reached the town. They decided to spend their night in a rest-house.

In the morning Krishnadas cried out, "How unlucky I am! Someone has picked the diamond from my pocket!"

"What a pity! Let's ask everybody here about it," proposed Nagaraj.

"How is that going to help

us? He who has stolen the diamond is not likely to speak out at our asking! Let's forget all about it. It had come to me suddenly; it vanished also suddenly.

Nagaraj was satisfied with his friend's attitude. But he was rather surprised when Krishnadas said that he must meet Jairaj, the jeweller.

"What use meeting him, now that the diamond is gone?" he asked.

"Out of courtesy. After all Jairaj is a friend of our noble host," explained Krishnadas.

"Very well. In the meanwhile let me have a look at the town," said Nagaraj.

Krishnadas left for Jairaj's house and Nagaraj strolled into the town. Soon Nagaraj entered a jeweller's shop and showed him an object.

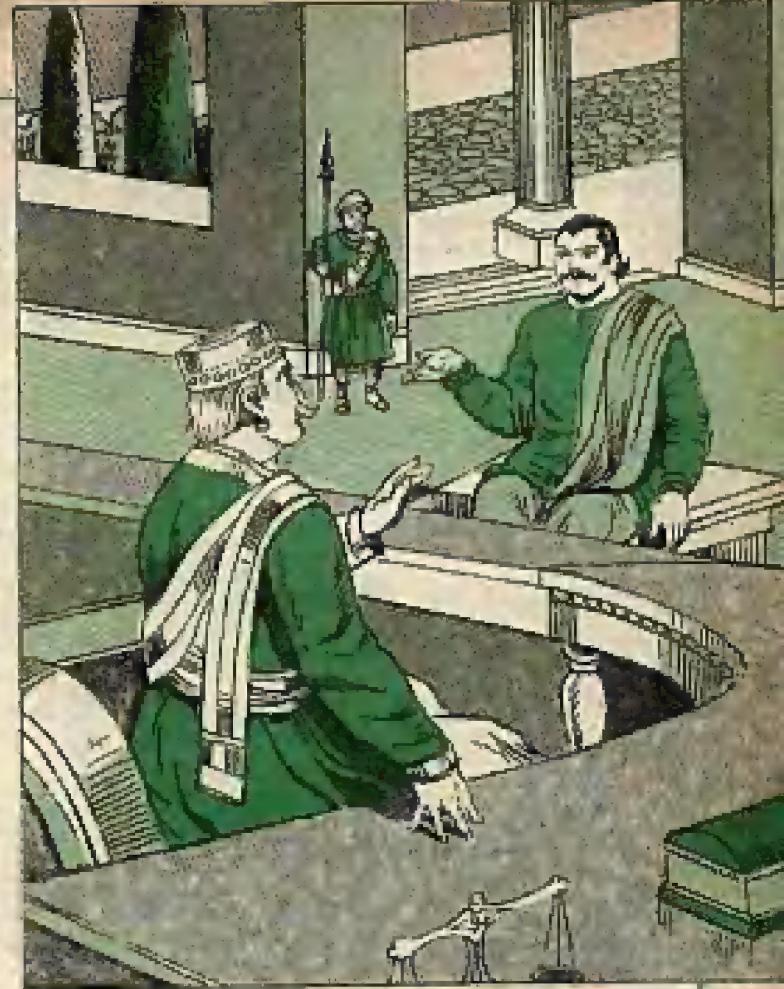
Needless to say, it was the stolen property of Krishnadas.

The jeweller examined the diamond carefully and asked, "Who gave this to you?"

"Someone had sold it to my father," bluffed Nagaraj.

"Sorry to say, but your father was deceived. This is glass, not diamond!" disclosed the jeweller.

Nagaraj took the thing back



and wondered how Dhanagupta gave such a worthless thing to his friend.

Krishnadas met Jairaj and greeted him and said that he came from Dhanagupta. Jairaj received him with respect, fed him, and said, "I know that my friend has made a gift of a diamond to you. Give it to me and take its value."

"Unfortunately the diamond was stolen from me," said Krishnadas with a sigh.

"Is that so? I am given to understand that you had a companion. Where is he?" asked Jairaj.

"He went to have a look at

the town," answered Krishnadas. "Hm!" mused Jairaj. He immediately asked two of his servants to go and look for Nagaraj. "Most probably you will find him in some jeweller's shop," he hinted.

"Within half an hour the servants returned with Nagaraj. A search of Nagaraj's person yielded the false diamond. Nagaraj stood pale, terribly ashamed.

"This one of course is nothing but glass. My friend knew that it won't be safe for you to carry a diamond. However, you have by now known the nature of your companion. I am handing him over to the police. So far as the value of your diamond is concerned, it is here. My friend has already sent me the true diamond due to you, through a messenger. My

servants will go with you and see that you and the money reach home safe."

"Dear sir, I thank you very much. But I will not accept the money if you hand over my companion to the police. We have been together during a long travel. He has been helpful to me on several occasions. How can I desert him?" said Krishnadas.

Jairaj yielded. Krishnadas and Nagaraj left for their village.

Back in the village Krishnadas offered half of his reward to Nagaraj. But said Nagaraj, "My friend, you are a diamond among men. You have saved me from the punishment which I deserved. That is enough of a reward for a criminal like me—the result of accompanying a noble soul like you. I cannot share your money.



"What will be the price of the city of Calcutta? How many billion rupees—who can say? But can you imagine, boys, the price the place fetched less than three centuries ago?" asked Dr. Murty, and after a moment, said, "Twelve hundred rupees! It was on 9th November 1698 that the estate changed hands. The seller was Mr. Roy Chowdhury, a landlord, and the buyer was Mr. Job Charnock."

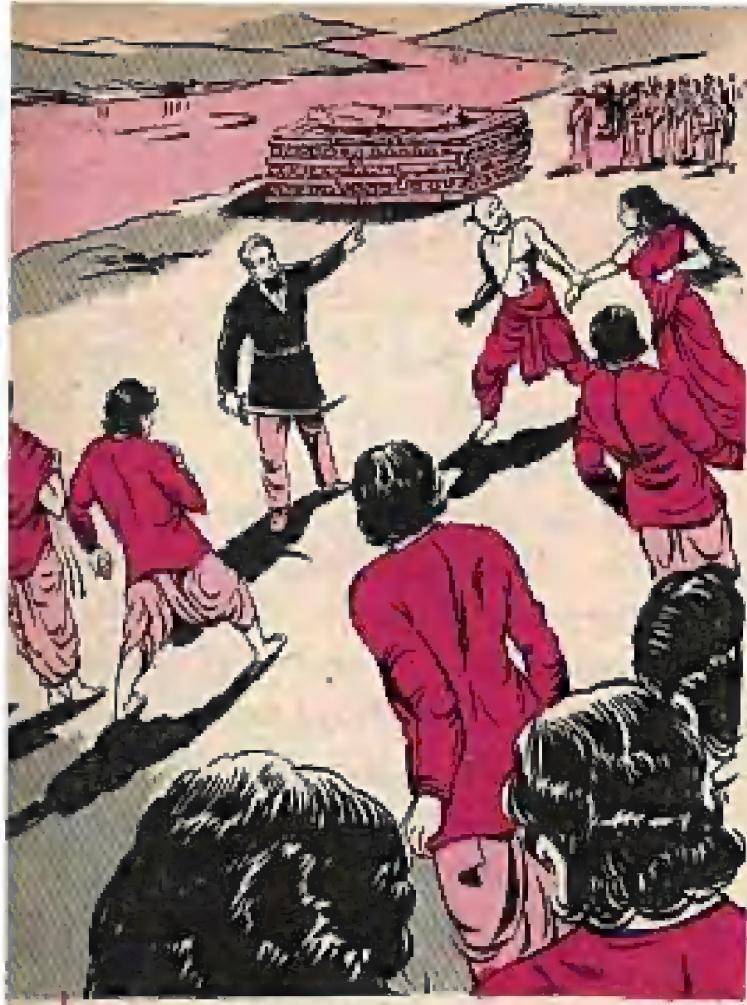
Dr. Murty was leading Ravi and Raman to Sibpur, to show them the Botanical Gardens.

"Job Charnock? The name seems familiar," mused Ravi.

"You might have come across his name in your history book. He is often mentioned as the founder of Calcutta. He was a zealous officer of the East India Company. He founded a factory at Sutanati, one of the three villages that went to make Calcutta, the other two being Govindpur and Kalighat. Job Charnock was a queer character. He lived like a Hindu."

"Isn't that strange?" commented Ravi and Raman, quite





lady to follow him. The young lady perhaps could not understand whether she saw a man or an apparition. But she stood up and began walking after Job. At first the crowd could not grasp the situation. When it did and tried to stop Job, he brandished a sword. The frightened crowd stopped. Job carried the widow home and married her."

Ravi clapped his hands. "I'll bet, Jules Verne described a similar situation in....."

"*Around the World in 80 Days* inspired by this incident," added Raman enthusiastically.

"That's right," said Ravi.

"Not improbable," opined Dr. Murty.

The party reached the Botanical Gardens—one of the largest gardens of its kind in Asia. What charmed the boys in this peaceful retreat encompassing an area of 273 acres was a tree—two hundred years old—the largest banian tree in the world! It rose to a height of about one hundred feet and looked majestic.

They strolled amidst the rows of mahogany trees and Cuban palms. The Orchid House was no less fascinating.

They left the gardens late in the afternoon. While passing

amused.

"Well, it happened like this: one foggy morning Job, followed by a handful of his assistants, was passing by a town. He saw a small crowd on the river-bank. Curious, he went closer to it. He saw a pyre ready for a corpse. A charming young lady, who had become a widow, was being coaxed by some people to go and sleep on the pyre, to be burnt alive along with her husband's corpse. This was the degradation of a tradition called the *Sati*.

"Job Charnock walked into the crowd, and asked the young

through Chowringhee glittering with fashionable shops and restaurants, Ravi asked Mr. Murty if the name of the place had any significance.

"Yes, indeed, it was named after Chowringhee Giri—a sage who lived here in bygone days."

"A sage lived in this bazar?" asked Raman, a bit surprised.

Dr. Murty smiled. "There was no bazar," he said. "In fact, in the early days of the East India Company, this was looked upon as a quite desolate place. Once when Warren Hastings had to fight a duel....."

"What! You don't mean Hastings, the first Governor-General of Bengal!" exclaimed Ravi.

"He could not have fought a

duel—if thereby you mean a single-combat to decide a quarrel," observed Raman.

"Yes, I mean him. He and another member of the East India Company, Philip Francis, had a bitter quarrel. They chose this area to fight a duel one morning. They shot at each other. Francis was wounded and he left for England. Hastings grew even more powerful. Haven't you heard of Junius?" Dr. Murty paused.

"Junius, whose letters to newspapers are very famous?" asked Ravi. "I remember our English teacher once referring to him."

"Right. Junius was the pseudonym of this Philip Francis," informed Dr. Murty.



PRIVATELY !

Once a nobleman was in a ship. A fellow who was jealous of him was also travelling by the same ship.

The fellow hit upon a plan to discredit the nobleman among the passengers. He put a hundred mohurs in a green bag and carried it to the nobleman and privately requested him to keep it in his safe custody. The nobleman agreed to do so.

The fellow then met the captain of the ship and privately told him that his green bag with a hundred mohurs was missing! "I suspect, one of the passengers has stolen it," he whispered.

Without giving any notice to the passengers the captain conducted a search of their cabins and luggage. But he spared the nobleman for whom he had great respect.

"Why don't you search him?" the fellow asked the captain privately.

The nobleman overheard it. He requested the captain to search his cabin. The captain did it reluctantly, but the missing bag was not traced.

"Where is my bag?" the fellow asked the nobleman at night, privately.

"Just as you left it with me privately and complained to the captain privately, so also I threw it into the sea privately. Now, let me advise you privately: be sensible and keep quiet. Otherwise all might take you for mad!" whispered the nobleman.



KHUDIRAM AND PRABULI

A new star glowed in the Indian sky in 1907. He was looked upon by the young generation of Indian patriots as their supreme leader. Never before had anybody generated so much enthusiasm.

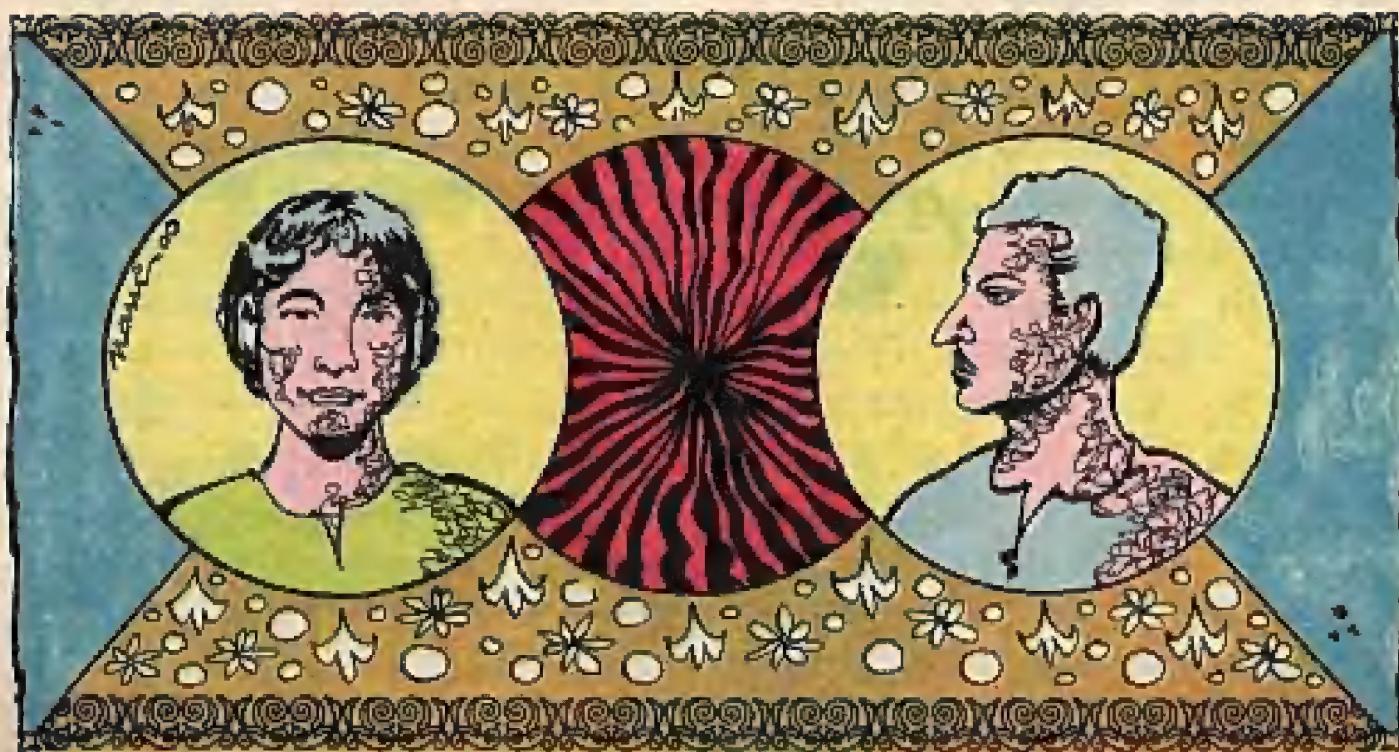
He was Aurobindo Ghose—later celebrated as Sri Aurobindo, the great mystic and visionary.

But we are not going to tell you about him. His brief presence in politics inspired many young men to make the supreme sacrifice for the cause of the country. It is a report about

two of such young men.

Sri Aurobindo was editing a newspaper at Calcutta. The paper, *The Bande Mataram*, was the herald of revolution. The British Government tried to shut down the paper under some pretext or the other. But the people behind it were extremely clever. Although they called upon the people to rise against the foreign rulers, they could always claim that they meant something else!

However, once the authorities brought the charge of sedition against the paper. They wanted Bipin Chandra Pal, a renowned





people's backs and heads.

One day, as the police, led by a certain sergeant, were mercilessly thrashing the people, a boy of fifteen, Sushil, confronted him. A blow from the sergeant threw the boy on the ground, but he sprang up to his feet and snatched away the sergeant's stick. Both wrestled. For each blow the boy received, he returned two. This continued until two more sergeants fell upon the boy and flattened him.

The boy was produced before the magistrate. He said that it was the sergeant who gave him a blow without any provocation. He returned the blow instinctively. The magistrate ordered the boy to be flogged! It goes to Sushil's credit that he showed no reaction while being flogged - fifteen times. And the flogging was brutal.

Kingsford was in the habit of awarding the maximum possible punishment to anyone accused of any activity against the British. He used to express his contempt for the revolutionaries openly. After Sushil's flogging, the young freedom-fighters met in secret. They decided to set an example by punishing the cruel Kingsford.

Two members of the group,

nationalist leader, to give a statement in the court. Had Pal made the statement, it would have been used against the editor, Sri Aurobindo. But the brave Bipin Chandra refused to make the statement even though he was to be punished for that. The case against *The Bande Mataram* was exciting. Thousands of people gathered before the court to hear the proceedings. The magistrate, Kingsford, who was trying the case, was notorious for his anti-nationalist stand. Everyday he ordered the police to clear the crowd forcibly. The police, under British sergeants, found it great fun to rain blows on the

Khudiram Bose and Prafulla Chaki, were entrusted with the task. Khudiram, born in 1889, at Midnapore, had been a revolutionary right from his boyhood. He had been arrested in 1906, but had escaped in a daring manner. He was a young man of pure character and anybody who knew him loved him for his refined and mild behaviour. Prafulla was well-known for his courage and excellent physical culture.

The authorities got the hint that Kingsford's life was in danger. They transferred him to Muzaffarpore, Bihar. He was taken to be beyond the reach of the revolutionaries.

But Khudiram and Prafulla

followed him to Muzaffarpore. They waited there for several days, for Kingsford hardly came out of his bungalow, except for going to the court. It was a trial of patience for the two young men. At last, on 30th April 1908, they saw Kingsford going out to a club. It was evening. The young men waited for his return.

Two hours later they saw his carriage returning. Khudiram hurled a bomb at it. There was a loud explosion. The carriage was smashed to pieces. But as luck would have it, Kingsford was not in it. Its two European passengers died.

Khudiram and Prafulla ran away. They parted company



after some time, the two going in different directions.

Dozens of officers and sepoys were despatched at night to all possible places to look for the bomb-throwers. Prafulla was chased by an officer on a railway platform. When his capture was imminent, he shot at himself and died.

Khudiram could travel up to Waini. He was captured there and brought back to Muzaffarpore. News of his arrest had reached the town. A large crowd gathered in the station to see him. He betrayed no fear or sorrow, and shouted, "Bande Mataram!"

During his trial, Khudiram always looked calm and cheer-

ful. He declared in the court that indeed he had tried to kill Kingsford. He was sorry that Kingsford was still alive and he had unwittingly killed two others.

Khudiram was hanged on August 11, 1908. We quote from a report published in a British-owned newspaper called *The Empire*: "Khudiram Bose was executed this morning... it is alleged that he mounted the scaffold with his body erect. He was cheerful and smiling. When his pleader visited him in the jail the day before the execution, Khudiram told him that he would die as fearlessly as the Rajput women of old did at funeral pyres."

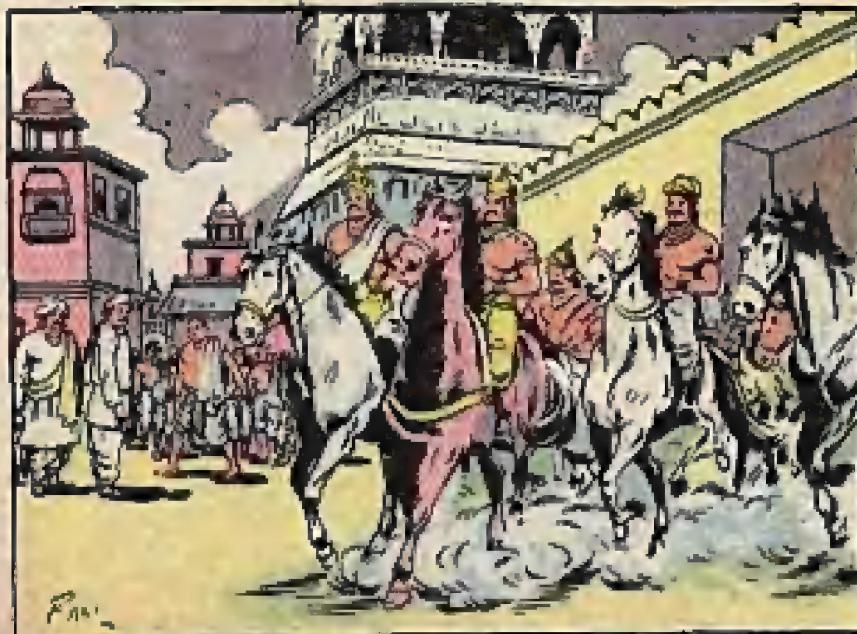
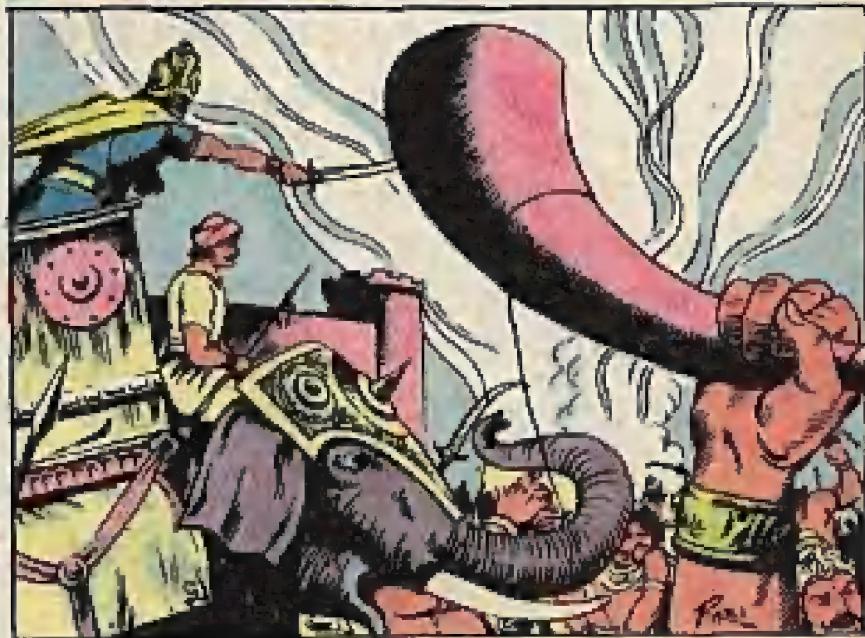


STORY OF INDIA—47
A LEGENDARY COURT

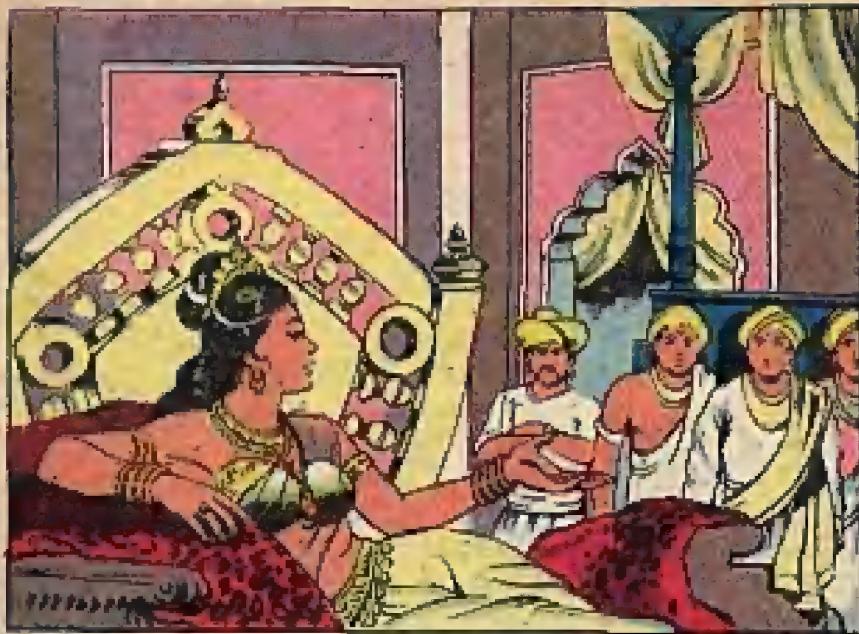
A young prince came running to his mother. "Will you please give me a sword?" he asked. "What for?" questioned the mother. "I feel like fighting!" said the son. "Wait, my son, you must grow up before wielding a sword," explained the mother.



The prince wielded the sword in due course and wielded it with a vengeance! Famous as Vikramaditya, he defeated the ruthless Sakas, a warring tribe who, coming from Central Asia, had founded kingdoms in India.

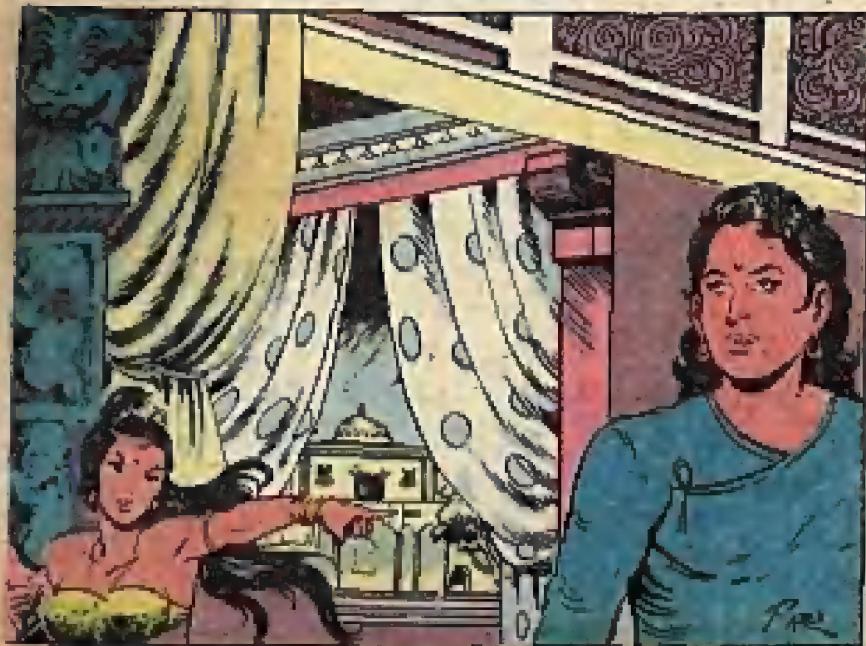


By and by he conquered many kingdoms and shifted his capital from Pataliputra to Ujjain. Already an attractive city, Ujjain became more and more charming under Vikramaditya's patronage. It was adored by numerous, towers and temples.



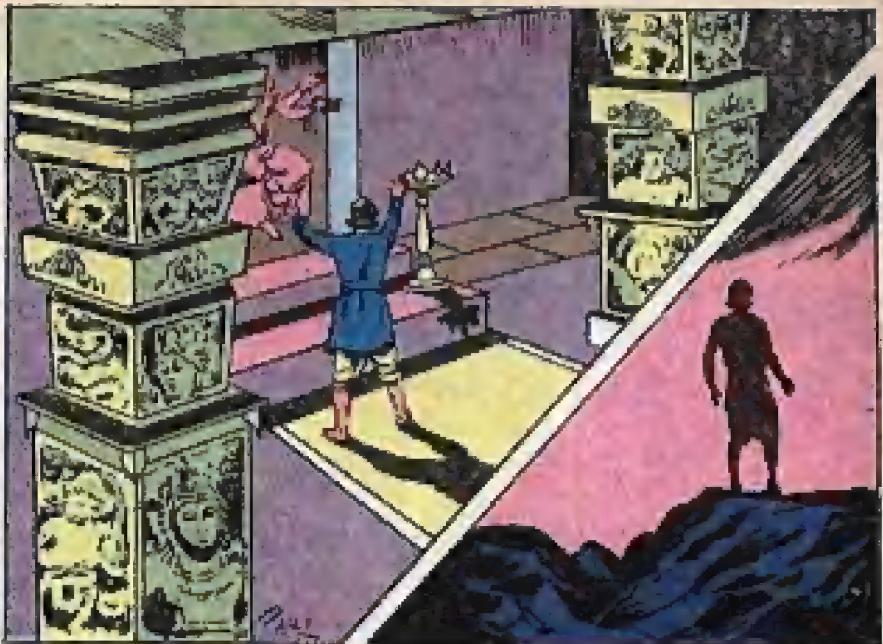
Numerous legends grew around this mighty king and his court, among them the story of Kalidasa. A certain princess (not of King Vikramaditya's family) had decided to marry only such a suitor who would outwit her. She attracted many young scholars but she outwitted all of them.

The humiliated suitors took the vow to make the princess marry the greatest fool they can find. Soon they saw a young man perched on a branch but cutting it at its bottom. As soon as the young man fell down, the scholars led him to the palace.



The rejected suitors somehow hoodwinked the royal family and the young man passed on as a great scholar. The princess was married to him, but it did not take her long to find out that her bridegroom was a fool. She drove him out.

The frustrated bridegroom went over to a temple and ardently prayed to the deity, Kali. When no response came from the goddess he decided to end his life by jumping into the nearby river.



The deity appeared before him in the form of Saraswati—the Goddess of Learning. But She told him that he was not likely to become a true scholar during his coming seven incarnations! The disappointed young man again decided to die.

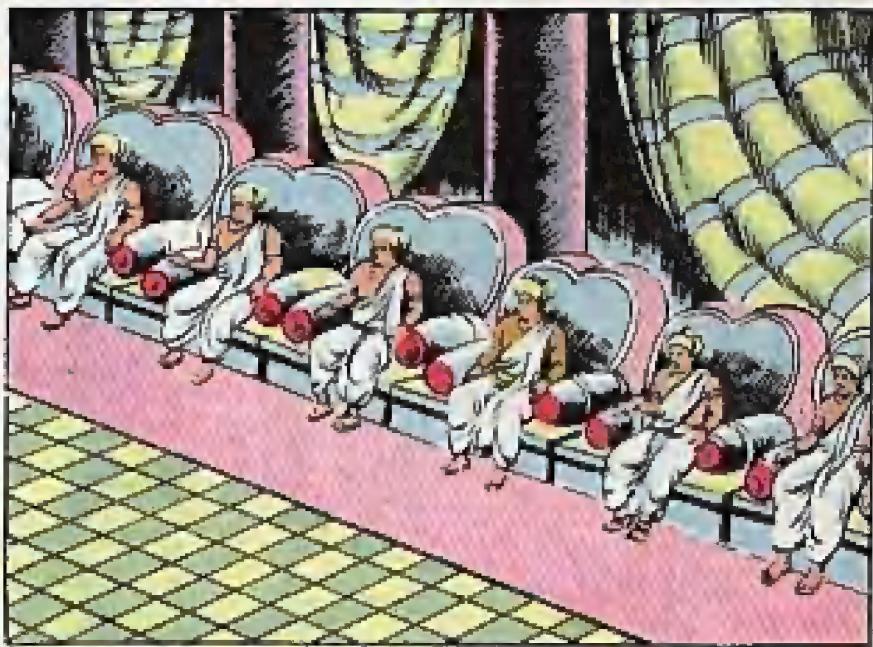
But the compassionate Goddess fulfilled the demands of Kalidasa's fate in a novel way. She made the young man die and come back to life seven times then and there. This done, he emerged a new man with the blessings of the Goddess.





The first thing the young man did thereafter was to recite a hymn in praise of Goddess Saraswati. He named himself Kalidasa—the servant of Goddess Kali—and went to the court of King Vikramaditya.

Kalidasa became one of the nine gems in Vikramaditya's court, the others being Dhavantari, Kshapanaka, Amarsingh, Shanku, Vetalbhatta, Ghatakarpala, Varahamihira, and Vararuchi.



Legend says that once the king misunderstood the great poet and banished him to a hill called Ramagiri. The poet wrote his famous poem, *Meghadutam*, there. But the king began missing him very much and they were happily united again.

THE DAY THE SUN DID NOT RISE!

King Gobuchand ordered the river's course to be blocked. It was because the river flowed eastward. Gobuchand had enmity with the king who ruled the land in the east. "Why should we be fools to allow the enemy to irrigate his lands with our river?" he asked. His flatterers said that the king proved his wisdom by stopping the flow.

Came the monsoon. The water-level of the river rose higher and higher as it could not flow down. The capital was threatened with a flood.

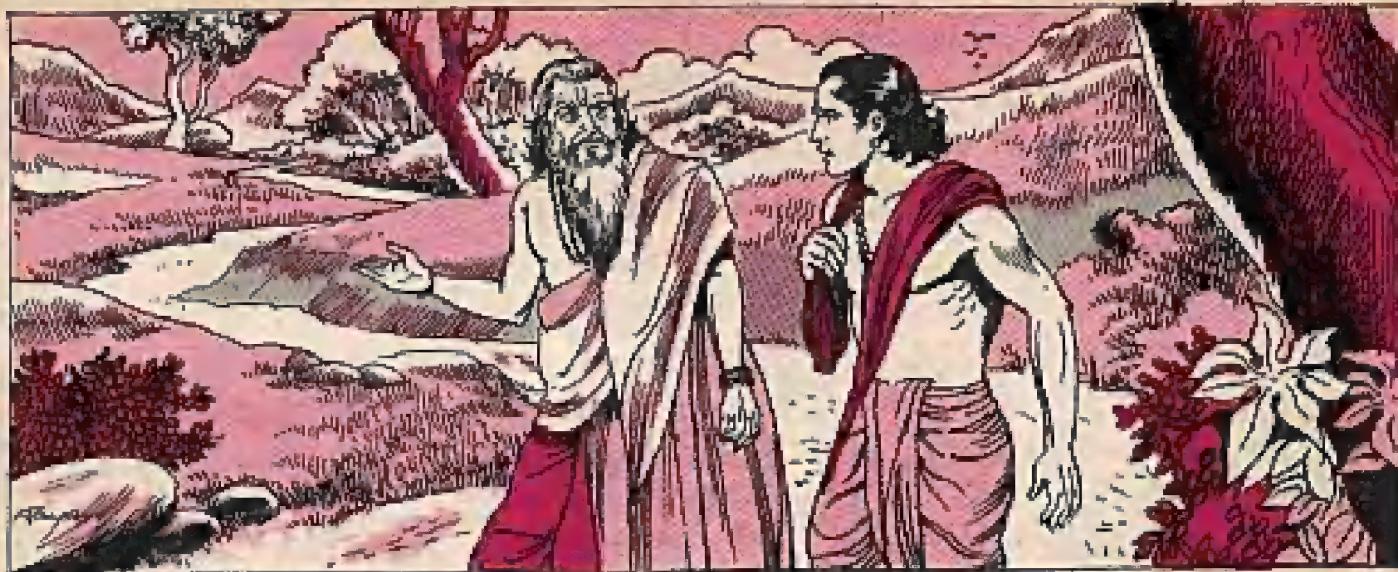
The palace had drummers and flutists who played their instruments just at the sunrise, to wake up the king. The minister secretly advised them to play the instruments two hours before the sunrise.

The king woke up and summoned the minister and asked, "Why is the sun not seen?"

"My lord! Because we have stopped the river from flowing into our neighbouring kingdom, the enemy have stopped the sun from rising. Because they are in the east, it is their privilege to do so," explained the minister.

"In that case release the water," ordered the king.





THE VISION AND THE ACTION

A century ago there was a holy man known as Swamy Anand. He was a very fluent speaker. When he explained the scriptures, people heard him with great interest and attention.

Swamy Anand had many disciples and admirers. They offered him gold, silver and cash. The Swamy deposited them with one of his wealthy followers. He planned to erect a hospital for the poor when he had enough.

The Swamy had a disciple named Aditya.

One day the Swamy was passing through a forest with Aditya for his companion. He had lately collected some contributions and Aditya was carrying them in a bale. Aditya,

though not well-read, was a devoted follower of the Swamy. He always obeyed the Swamy without a murmur.

As they walked, Aditya said, "Swamiji, I have a doubt. In the Mahabharata war it was Arjuna for whom the Pandavas won the victory. But I often hear people giving the credit for the victory to Krishna. Is that not wrong?"

The Swamy smiled and said, "My son, I will answer your question at another time."

They were about to enter an extremely forlorn area. "My boy, keep a stout stick handy," the Swamy told Aditya. Aditya made a stick out of a branch and carried it.

Suddenly a bandit sprang up before them. Cocking a gun at

the two travellers, he shouted in a threatening voice, "Surrender whatever you are carrying with you, or I shall shoot both of you down!"

The two stopped. The Swamy surveyed the bandit quietly.

Aditya looked terrified. "Swamiji, what can we do before the gun? Better I hand over the bale to him," Aditya whispered to the Swamy.

"Be quick! or you fall to my bullet!" shouted the bandit again.

"Young man, I collected this money for the service of the poor. Will it be right for you to take this away?" asked the

Swamy in a tender tone.

The bandit laughed loudly and said, "You cannot move me with such pleadings!" He then roared out another threat.

Aditya trembled for a moment. He looked at his Master. The Swamy instructed him to put the bale down on the ground for the bandit to collect it.

Aditya followed his instruction, looking very miserable. He had never known such helplessness.

In a broken voice the Swamy said, "Young man, you have shattered my cherished dreams. Hereafter it will be futile for me



to live. Will you please do me a favour?"

"What is it?" Asked the bandit haughtily.

"Please spend a bullet and take my life," said the Swamy.

The bandit laughed even louder and said, "You old fellow, do you think this gun is of any use? This is a wooden one. I used it to scare you!"

At once the Swamy turned to Aditya. "I had guessed right. Why delay? Prove your strength!" he instructed.

Instantly Aditya swung into action. The bandit fell under a terrific blow from his stick. Aditya then took hold of him and gave him a few more blows and tied him to a tree.

"Young man, had you spared us when I said that the wealth we were carrying was meant for a good cause, you would not

have come to such a pass! I suspected that your gun was an imitation one. I made you confess that before acting," the Swamy told the bandit who looked on, blinking.

The two travellers were on the move again. "Swamiji, great are your farsightedness and wit. You made me gather the stick; you befooled the bandit," commented Aditya.

"But is it not you who beat the bandit?" asked the Swamy.

"But I could have done nothing without you!" said Aditya.

"Good! From this you should understand why the credit for the victory of the Pandavas is given to Krishna. But for him, Arjuna could not have done much," explained the Swamy.

"I understand, Sir," said Aditya with satisfaction.





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

THE FOE AS THE BODY GUARD

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. Thunder-claps rocked the horizon. Lightning revealed weird faces. From time to time was heard an eerie laughter along with the howl of the jackals.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree and brought the corpse down. But as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation-ground, the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, I do not understand why you should take such pains at this unearthly hour. Is it to oblige a friend? But, know, O King, in this world one can never say when a friend can turn into a foe and a foe into a friend. As an illustration, let me tell you the story of Bhimsingh. Listen with attention. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: Surya Varma, the King of Vikrampur, was a kind ruler and an able



administrator. People had a great faith in him. Most of his officers were so faithful to him that they could have jumped into fire at his asking.

The king of Jaigarh, Devaraj, however, was awfully jealous of Surya Varma. While moving about in his kingdom in disguise he often heard the people praising Surya Varma. Devaraj was not a bad ruler but he drew a sorry figure when compared with Surya Varma. That caused him deep anguish. He dreamed of annexing Vikrampur. But he knew that that was a day-dream. His army was incapable of standing before the army of

Surya Varma.

Over the years he thought of many ways of disrupting the life of Vikrampur. Along the border of Vikrampur and Jaigarh there was a long strip of forest. Although it was a part of Vikrampur, the tribals dwelling in the forest were never required to conform to the laws of Vikrampur. They led their life in accordance with their own culture and tradition.

Devaraj began inviting the tribal leaders to his palace. He won their affection and slowly poisoned their minds against Surya Varma. "You do not know, but if the people of Vikrampur are prosperous today, it is because your forefathers were exploited by them," he told them again and again. Further, he inspired them to loot the houses of the citizens of Vikrampur.

Soon the tribal people organised themselves into a gang. They invaded the peaceful villages, looted and put fire to houses.

Surya Varma realised that it was a well-organised gang out to harass his people. He called upon the people to co-operate with his sepoys. Thousands of men responded to the call. They lay in ambush waiting for

the gang. Their patience and discipline proved fruitful. One day they succeeded in surrounding the gang. A battle ensued. But the gang was ultimately overpowered.

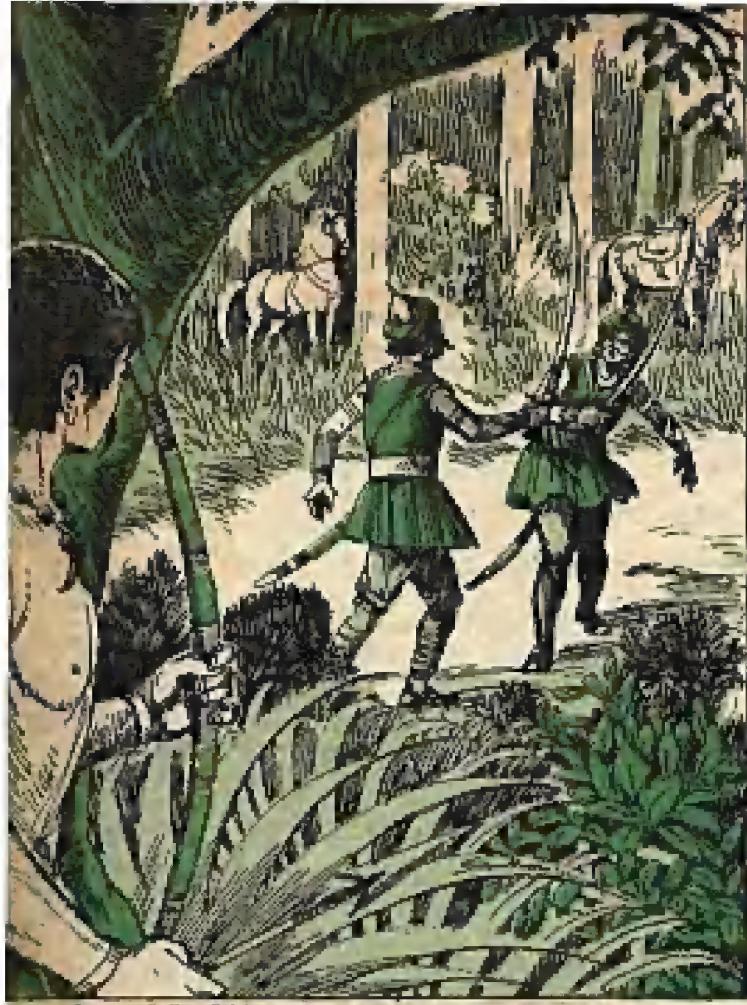
The king put the members of the gang to death. His heralds marched into the forest and read out his declaration to the forest-dwellers. It said, "The king has no intention of interfering in the life of the tribals. Unfortunately some of the tribals were misled and they harassed their innocent fellow-citizens. They have been punished. The king hopes that the others will lead a peaceful life as of

old. If they have any grievance, they are welcome to visit the king for redress."

The forest-dwellers appreciated the king's declaration. They continued to live peacefully. However, one of them was feeling restless. He was Bhimsingh. His brother had been put to death along with the other members of the gang. He had a superstitious belief that his brother's soul will never be at peace, until he avenged his death. So, he decided to kill the king.

King Devaraj, frustrated at the failure of his plan to disrupt the life of Vikrampur, also deci-





ded to kill Surya Varma. He knew that Surya Varma visited a certain forest for hunting. He stationed a group of assassins there.

One day while Surya Varma had advanced into the forest leaving his body-guards behind, the leader of the assassins sprang up before him with his sword drawn. The king was smart enough to defend himself. The two were locked in a fencing. That day Bhimsingh too was following the king. When he saw the king engaged with the assassin, he shot an arrow at the king. It so happened that the king and his enemy altered

their positions. The arrow, instead of hitting the king, killed the assassin.

The king looked back and found Bhimsingh. He not only rewarded him with a thousand mohurs, but also appointed him his bodyguard. Bhimsingh accepted the post because he thought that it will give him another opportunity to take revenge on the king.

When King Devaraj saw that his second plan failed, he took a desperate step. He put on a disguise and entered Vikrampur and met the chief commander of Surya Varma's army. He told him frankly that he wanted Surya Varma's death. "If you kill him, I will recognise you as the king. If anybody objects to it my army will silence him. We will be life-long friends," he promised. The commander was a valiant fighter, but a selfish man. He agreed to the proposal. Together they drew a plan.

It was a rainy night. Devaraj sent a small party of daring soldiers to help the commander in his mission. They remained in hiding in front of the palace. The king had already retired to bed. The commander told his bodyguards that he had an urgent message to give to the

king and he entered the royal bed-chamber.

Bhimsingh suspected the commander's movement. He peeped in and saw the commander advancing towards the sleeping king with a dagger ready in his hand. Bhimsingh too entered the chamber. It was his plan to help the commander in killing the king so that he can go unpunished himself. But the king woke up on time and caught hold of the commander's hand. Bhimsingh threw his own dagger at the king, but the dagger missed the target.

At a shriek from the king the other bodyguards rushed in

along with Bhimsingh. The commander was despatched to the gallows. Bhimsingh's action was interpreted by the king as an example of alertness. He was sure that the commander was Bhimsingh's target. Next day Bhimsingh was promoted to the post of commander.

The vampire paused and then demanded Vikram in a challenging tone: "How is it that Bhimsingh gave up his plan? Was it because the king promoted him? Answer my question, O King, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your



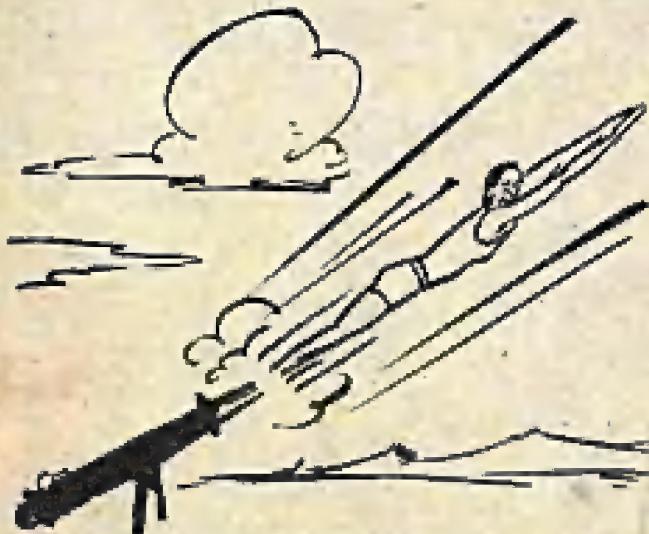


shoulders."

Answered King Vikram forthwith: "Had Bhimsingh been a man to be pleased with reward, he would not have attempted on the king's life for the second time. The fact is, he was superstitious by nature. It is superstition which had set him on his mission, not any genuine spirit of vengeance. When he saw that his attempts were twice

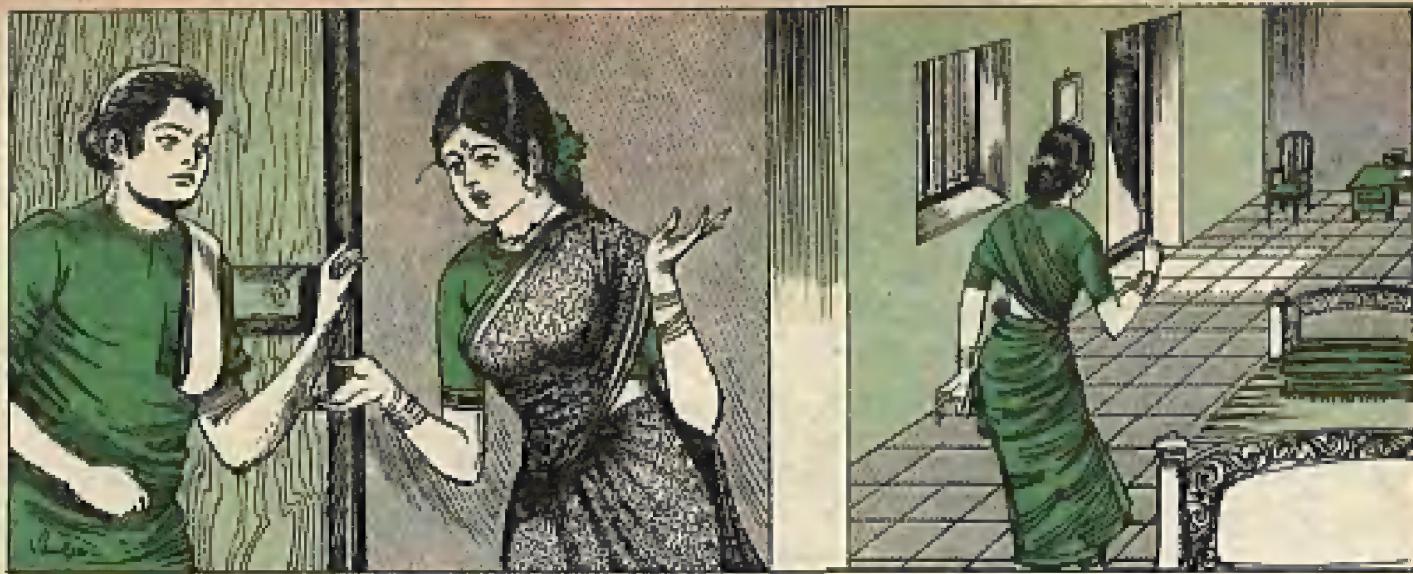
foiled, he began to believe that the king was protected by some unseen power. No doubt, the king's escape was Providential. That created in Bhimsingh's mind an awe for the king. That is why he gave up his design to murder the king."

No sooner had king Vikram concluded the answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



If in this troubled world we can produce enough properly guided men, we won't need guided missiles.

—Gen. David M. Shoup, U.S.M.C.



THE SAME ADVICE

Meena was the only sister of her two brothers. They had lost their parents. The brothers were bent upon finding out a very good match for Meena.

And they chose Sudhir. His village was rather far from their village. But Sudhir was the only son of his parents and they had a good deal of property. Moreover Sudhir was known to be intelligent and honest.

The marriage was performed. Meena went over to her husband's house. She was happy there. However, she found the nature and conduct of her mother-in-law and her husband's widowed sister not quite satisfactory. Not that the two

ladies did not love Meena, but Meena could not go her way because of their interference.

Once there was a fair near the village. Meena wished to visit the fair all alone so that she could buy things according to her sweet will. But the two ladies would not let her do so. They must accompany her. There were many such minor incidents to annoy Meena.

At her brother's house Meena had been pampered. There her wish used to be the law. Could she not get back that freedom? —she wondered. Slowly a dream overpowered her. What if she had an independent household along with her husband? At night she spoke out her

dream to Sudhir. Sudhir looked pensive. "Let me think about it," he said.

After a month Sudhir had to go to town on business. Meena knew that he will return through her brothers' village.

"How are my brothers?" she queried eagerly upon Sudhir's return.

"They are fine, but....."

Meena betrayed anxiety. "Please be frank with me!" she implored her husband.

"Well, the wives of your two brothers are not pulling on together. Your brothers asked me if they should separate," reported Sudhir.

"How sad! and what advice did you give?" asked Meena.

"I said, separate by all means!"

"How on earth could you give such a foolish advice? I cannot

imagine my brothers living in two different houses!" cried out Meena.

Sudhir kept quiet.

After a few days Meena whispered to him one evening, "Did you give a thought to my suggestion?"

"I do not give thought to foolish suggestions," growled Sudhir.

"What! do I sound foolish to you?" demanded Meena, about to break down.

"Look here, Meena, if my advice to your brothers was foolish, how can your advice to me on the same line be anything different?" asked Sudhir giving a tender pat on Meena's back.

Meena was a sensible girl. She smiled and nodded, although tears still drizzled in her eyes.





THE EASTWARD JOURNEY

LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

It happened during the reign of King Brahmadutta of Kashi. Bodhisattva had then taken birth in a family of merchants.

As Bodhisattva grew up to be a young man and his father grew old, the burden of the family-enterprise came upon him. Once he got ready for a long journey with a hundred cart-loads of merchandise. They were to be sold in distant lands. The carts were to return to Kashi with new wares bought at other places.

In the same city lived another merchant who always wished ill of others. People called him Mandamati—the evil-minded fellow.

When Mandamati heard about Bodhisattva's plan, he came to meet him.

"In which direction do you

propose to go?" Mandamati asked Bodhisattva.

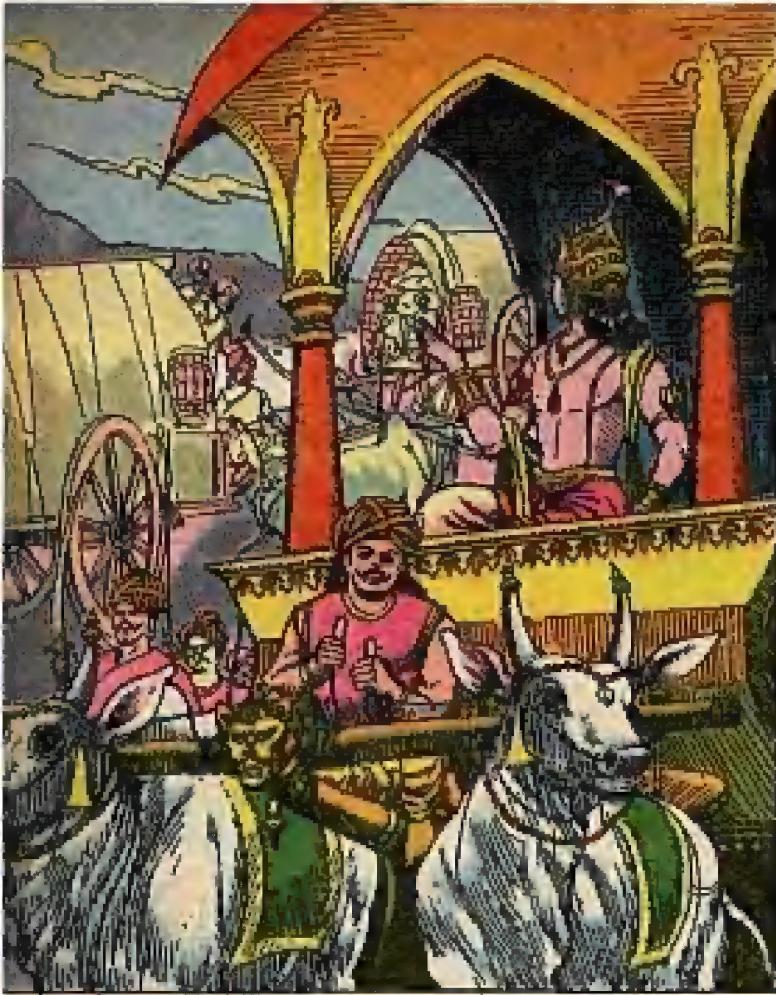
"I shall go east," replied Bodhisattva.

"How strange! I too am planning to go eastward!" exclaimed Mandamati.

It was not wise for two merchants starting from the same place to go in the same direction. If they did, none would profit much. So it was customary for the merchants to come to an understanding. One had to agree to wait for a while and let the other go first.

"Very well," said Bodhisattva, "You can decide who should go first."

Bodhisattva knew that the first party would face certain difficulties which would not be there for the second party. The road might be blocked with boulders



and there might be ditches on it. The first party has to level them. The party to follow would enjoy a smooth march. Besides, once the bullocks graze, the grass grows more prolific for the benefit of the bullocks of the following party.

However, Bodhisattva left the decision to Mandamati.

Mandamati was under the impression that to go first was the best policy. His bullocks can have all the grass they need; once the customers have purchased their wares from him, they would hardly show any interest for the goods brought by the next merchant.

"My brother, I have been nursing the desire to go east for a year. Won't you let me go first?" asked Mandamati.

"Do as you please. Go first by all means," said Bodhisattva.

Mandamati returned happy. Soon he set out for the distant tour of the east, with numerous carts loaded with valuable merchandise. He knew that he had to cross a forest and thereafter a desert. He carried sufficient food and drinking water with him to take him safe through such difficult areas.

After a few days of journey, Mandamati's party could see a forest on the horizon. Suddenly he saw a man, dressed royally, coming from the opposite direction, riding an elegant cart.

The stranger stopped and, looking at Mandamati, said, "Why are you carrying so much water with you? There has been heavy rain in the forest. All the streams are overflowing. Pools are full to their brim!"

"Is that so? Thanks for the information. We can throw the water we are carrying and go light," said Mandamati. At his direction his employees emptied their barrels and jars.

Bodhisattva started on his journey a month later. He too

was met by the royally-dressed stranger when his party was about to enter the forest.

The stranger told him about the heavy rain in the forest and advised him to throw away the water he was carrying.

"Thanks. But we will throw away our stock of water only when we see enough pure water," said Bodhisattva.

The stranger looked unhappy; but he went his way without a word more.

"Master, why should we continue to carry water since there is no dearth of water in the forest?" his employees asked him.

Bodhisattva smiled. "Our pains won't go in vain," he said.

Soon they were in the forest. They were surprised to see all the pools and streams dry. The leaves appeared drooped on account of drought.

They crossed the forest and entered the desert. Soon a horrible sight met their eyes. The carts of Mandamati lay deserted. The skeletons of his men and cattle lay scattered. His merchandise, however, remained untouched.

"Mandamati must have emptied his stock of water at the suggestion of that stranger," mused Bodhisattva.





"But who was that stranger? Why did he give such a wicked suggestion?" someone asked Bodhisattva.

"He must have been a supernatural being belonging to a lower order of the Yakshas. They are fond of sucking blood off men. They do so when their would-be victims lie in a swoon," explained Bodhisattva.

"Thank God, you were not influenced by the stranger!" ob-

served a member of his party.

"I looked at the sky and saw no sign of cloud. Had there been heavy rain in the forest, we would have seen lightning and heard the cracks of thunder from some distance," said Bodhisattva.

Bodhisattva buried the skeletons and transferred Mandamati's merchandise to his own carts and resumed his journey.

—From the Buddha Jatakas

WONDER WITH COLOURS





THE SAGA OF SHIVA

Thousands of years ago, in a certain town lived a young man called Veer. He was an ardent devotee of Lord Shiva. He had lost his parents, but had a loving uncle for his guardian.

Veer's uncle one day paid a visit to the house of his wife's brother. That was in another town. There he saw Chandrima, his brother-in-law's daughter. He was charmed by Chandrima's looks, behaviour and learning.

"My brother-in-law, it is my duty to find a suitable bride for my nephew, Veer. I am very happy to find an excellent bride in Chandrima. If you have no objection, I would like my nephew to marry her," said he.

His brother-in-law, who knew Veer very well, embraced him and said, "You have only spoken out what was in my mind!"

The two brothers-in-law consulted the almanac and decided upon an auspicious date for the marriage to take place. Veer's uncle then returned home, happy.

It so happened that the king of the land chanced to see Chandrima. He was surprised with her beauty. He told his minister about his desire to marry her.

The minister and the royal priest, escorted by a number of courtiers and guards, met Chandrima's father. Said the minister, "My friend, you are lucky. The king has set his heart on your daughter. Please don't ignore us when you become the king's father-in-law!"

Instead of looking happy, Chandrima's father became grave. "Minister, Sir, I would have entertained the proposal



only if it would have come to me a week ago; but now it is too late. I have fixed my daughter's marriage with another young man," exclaimed Chandrima's father.

The emissaries were disappointed. They reported the situation to the king.

"What a pity that you should bring such a negative report! Don't you have wit or wisdom enough to influence an ordinary subject to change his mind?" roared the king. Then, lowering his voice, he said, "My dear minister, please try once more, for I shall feel humiliated with losing Chandrima."

The minister and his party tried again, only to return unsuccessful. But the king did not let the matter rest there. He marched towards Chandrima's house himself.

Chandrima's father was frightened at his approach. But Chandrima stepped forward and received the king, saying, "Welcome, my brother, how lucky we are to have you!"

"I have come here to make you luckier. I have decided to marry you. You shall become my chief queen. My other wives shall be at your service," declared the king.

From the king's words and his mood, Chandrima realised that he could be nasty to her should she persist in refusing the proposal. She said, "Your Majesty, give me a week's time."

The king agreed and left.

Chandrima discussed with her father. "Let whatever happen to me, I would like you to marry Veer and leave this land. Veer is a subject of another king. Our king can do nothing to you once you have reached his house," said Chandrima's father.

Veer was secretly summoned. The marriage too was perfor-

med secretly. Taking his bride on his horse-back, Veer began galloping towards his town.

In the meanwhile the king's spies had come to know what was going on. The king was warned. He immediately despatched his army to chase Veer.

When the army was about to pounce upon Veer, he got off his horse and fought. What a heroic fight he gave! The king's soldiers fell one after another.

Among the soldiers was a man who was a devotee of Shiva. Veer saluted him and spared his life. The king who saw the battle from a hill-top put on a disguise and looked like a devotee of Shiva and appeared before Veer. As soon as Veer bowed down to him, he struck him with his sword.

Lo and behold, the sword changed into a garland. Need-

less to say, Veer was praying to Lord Shiva all the time.

The king stood horrified. Suddenly Veer and Chandrima saw the vision of Shiva in the sky.

"I am pleased with you, my child, ask me for a boon and it will be granted," said a lofty voice:

"God, grant that all grow prosperous and peaceful, including the king."

"Including the king—who tried to kill you?" asked the beaming God.

"Yes, Lord, because he has become blessed by putting on the guise of your devotee! He should not go unrewarded."

Lord Shiva blessed the couple and the vision disappeared. The king apologized to Veer and Chandrima. All ended well.





STATUE FROM THE SKY

The people of Ephesus built a huge temple for their goddess around a gigantic statue which they believed to have fallen from the sky.

Legend has it that Androclus, the son of the King of Athens, was worried because his home on an island was becoming overcrowded. He therefore visited the famous Oracle at Delphi to find out where he should found a new town. The Oracle gave a puzzling answer: "The site of the new town will be shown to you by a fish, but follow the wild boar," it said!

Prince Androclus was not discouraged. One day he saw a fish about to be cooked by some fishermen. It leaped into the embers of their fire. The glowing ashes scattered, and in a moment there was a fire. Startled by the flames, a wild boar jumped up and ran for safety, only to be hunted and killed at the foot of Mount Koressos.

Satisfied that this was the site that the Oracle had hinted, Androclus brought in his own people to found the city of Ephesus. In the course of time it spread and joined up with the smaller settlement that had

been the home of the famous Amazon women.

Ephesus grew to such wealth and importance that its Temple of Diana became one of the seven wonders of the ancient world.

Yet if you visit Ephesus, the present day Turkish town of Seliuk, it is hard to imagine that this was once the centre of the many civilizations that grew up round the Mediterranean. In days when shipping was the means of long distance travel, Ephesus had become a centre of trade, religion and new ideas.

Thanks to Androclus's Greek background, the culture of the Ephesians was also Greek, even though between 700-500 B.C. the city was captured first by the rich King Croesus of Lydia, and then by Cyrus of Persia. But by 334 B.C., it was once more in Greek hands after Alexander the Great defeated the Persians.

The Gigantic Statue

The Ephesians believed that they survived wars entirely due



to the goodwill of the local goddess, Artemis, who is better known to us by her Roman name of Diana. In her honour, they erected a great temple which covered a site of more than 7000 square metres and housed a gigantic statue of the goddess.

The artist responsible for the work is unknown. It was popularly believed that the statue had fallen from heaven. Probably in an attempt to gain favour with the people he had conquered, King Croesus of Lydia presented the Ephesians with the huge columns that supported the temple, as well as several

decorative animals made out of solid gold.

The temple of Diana became a focal point for pilgrimages from all over the ancient world. Devotees mingled in the streets with traders from Asia who brought silks, perfumes and gold to exchange for Greek wares.

The chief religious event of the year, the Festival of Artemis, was a riotous affair. The people flocked to the huge stadium to watch the chariot races. Others visited the giant theatre that could easily seat an audience of 24,000. So enthusiastic were the worshippers of Diana that, when St. Paul visited Ephesus in the early days of Christianity, he was actually driven out of the city. Nevertheless St. Paul founded a Church at Ephesus, and its influence slowly became greater than that of the local goddess.

There has long been a legend that Mary, the mother of Jesus, was brought to Ephesus in the care of St. John, and died there in about A.D. 40. The house in which she is said to have lived is carefully preserved and widely venerated. It was discovered after a book was published in Germany during the 19th century containing a full descrip-

tion of the Virgin Mary's house, supposedly revealed to the author in a vision. Subsequent excavations did in fact unearth a building that was similar in every respect to the one described.

Decline And Fall

Ephesus, for a long time was a great city, and was the seat of the Roman governor of Asia. As Roman power declined, the Goths swept down, and in A.D. 262 they destroyed both the city and the temple of Diana. Ephesus was partly rebuilt, but it never regained its former importance. The centre of world power has shifted towards Byzantium.

The ground on which the city stood became marshy and malaria killed many of the in-

habitants. They built a fortified town on higher, healthier ground, but by the 15th century this fell under the rule of the Turks. Ephesus became a ghost town, and soon was little more than a swamp with a few ruins.

The first excavations on the site of the temple of Diana were carried out between 1869 and 1874 by the architect, A. J. Wood, on behalf of the British Museum. More finds followed.

But anyone who wishes to see at least something of one of the vanished wonders of the world has only to visit the British Museum, where they can see part of one of the great carved columns that King croesus gave to the Temple of Diana, 2500 years ago.

The Secret of the man who is universally interesting is that he is universally interested.

—William Dean Howells



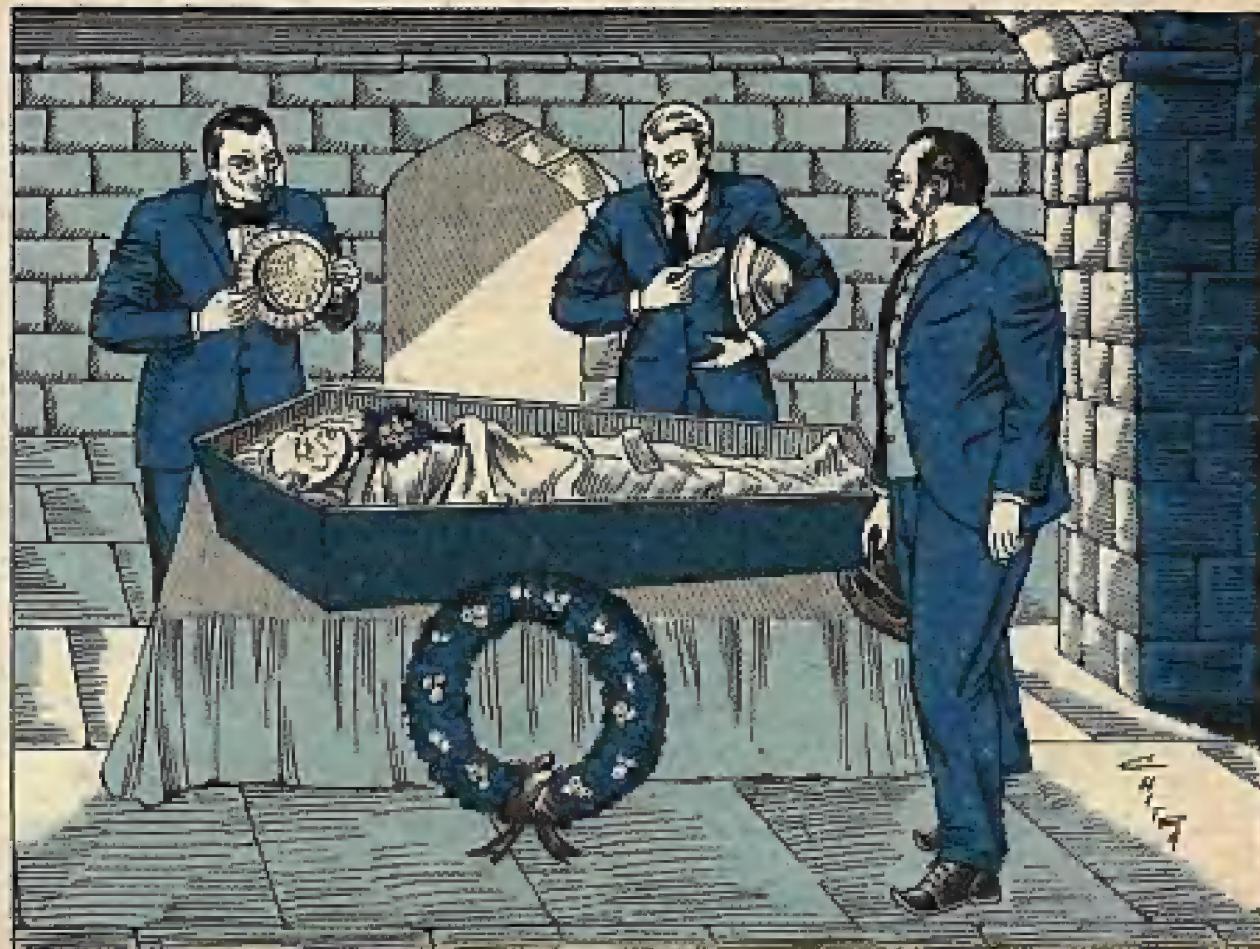
THE LAST DEAL

There were four misers who were friends. One of them fell sick. When it seemed that he was dying, his three friends asked him, "Can we do anything for you?"

"It will be a great satisfaction for my soul if each one of you placed 100 pounds in my coffin," said the dying miser.

Soon thereafter he died. The first friend, true to his promise to his friend, placed 100 pounds in the coffin. The second friend drew a cheque for a 100 pounds and placed it in the coffin, sure that the dead would never be able to encash it, though it was a bearer's one.

The third friend also drew a cheque, but he drew it for 300 pounds. He placed it in the coffin, and picked up the cash and cheque deposited earlier by the other two friends.



THE FIRE THAT LEFT THE WORLD POORER

Alexandria, a city on the north coast of Egypt, founded by Alexander the Great, had become, by 200 B.C., the world's greatest city. There Ptolemy I built a magnificent library. Ptolemy II expanded it. Ptolemy III bought for the library the books Aristotle had collected. Books in those days meant inscriptions on wooden rolls or tablets.

In 47 B.C. Julius Ceaser decided to ship to Rome 40,000 volumes from the Alexandrian library. Before being shipped they were stored near the arsenal—a careless mistake for which the world was to become poorer. The arsenal caught fire and the books were reduced to ashes. They were the most important books of the ancient world.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. D. N. Shirke.



Mr. Srivatsa S. Vati

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs .25/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The prize for the September '80 goes to :

Mrs. Meera V. Nathan, C/o Mohan Brothers,
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The Winning Entry: 'Too Much to Scare' – 'Too Tiny to Bear'.

PICKS FROM
THE WISE

— 24 —

The bell never rings of itself; unless someone handles it or moves, it is dumb.

We all, when we are well, give good advice to the sick.

Anger is momentary madness; so control your passion or it will control you.

The brave find a home in every land.

—Latin Proverbs

All but God is changing day by day.

—Charles Kingsley

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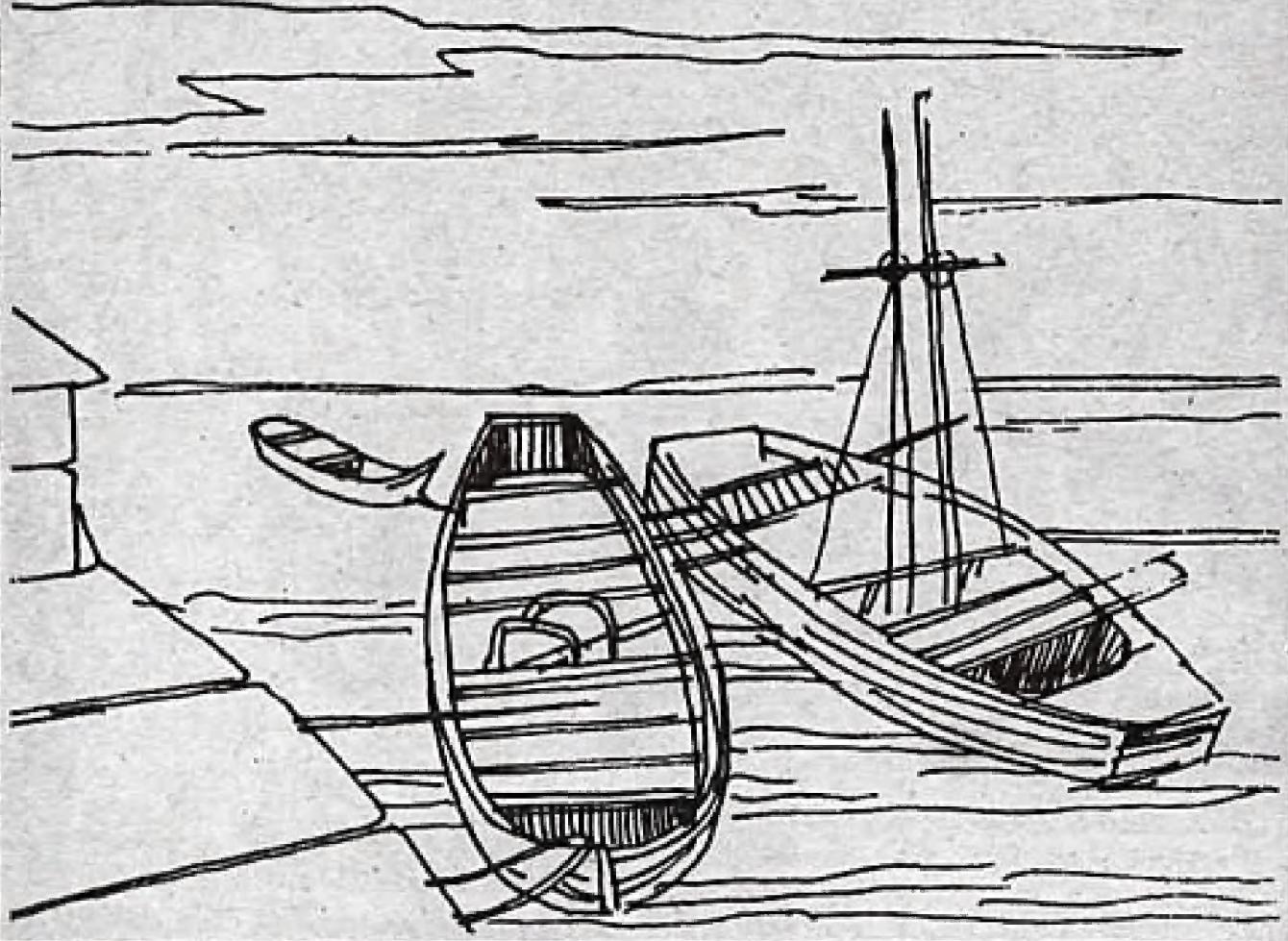
CHANDAMAMA camel COLOUR CONTEST

No Entrance Fee



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CAMEL—2ND PRIZE Rs. 10
CAMEL—3RD PRIZE Rs. 5
CAMEL—5 CONSOLATION
PRIZES
CAMEL—10 CERTIFICATES

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



Only students upto the age of 12 years can participate. Colour the above picture in any of the 'Camel' colours. Send in your coloured entries at the following address.

P.B. No. 9928, COLABA, Bombay-400 005.

The results will be final and no correspondence regarding the same will be considered.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Send entries before : 29-11-1980

Please see that the complete picture is painted

CONTEST NO. 17



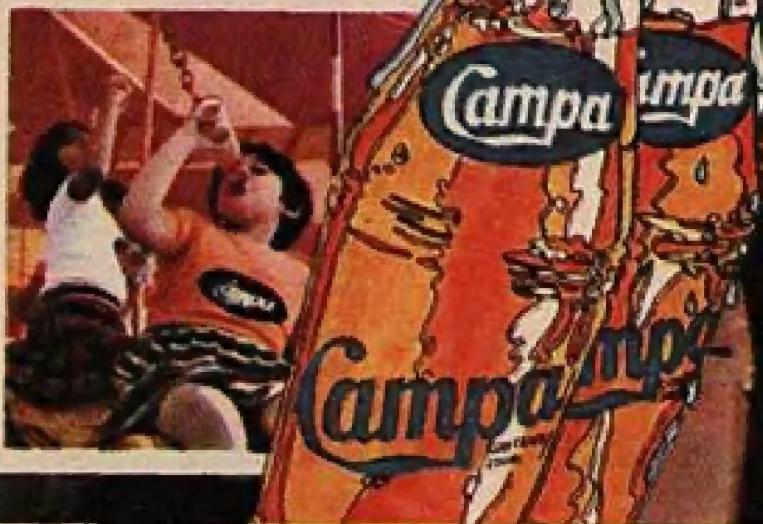
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